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# Maclean's

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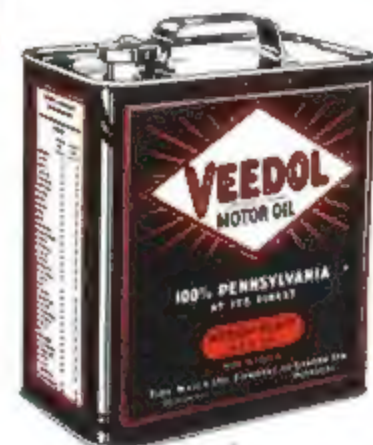
— "HOUSE OF HATE" by Austin Campbell  
— A Broker Tells of Life in Kingston Penitentiary —



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# INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER





## In the Editor's Confidence



AUSTIN CAMPBELL

them "MARKET CRASHES" and "BROKERS SENTENCED TO TWO YEARS IN PENITENTIARY."

A few men didn't forget. They are the brokers who served their terms. One of them is Austin Campbell. He believes that his colleagues and he were victims of public fever. It is not within our province to examine his belief. What we are concerned with is that Austin Campbell, who was a newspaper man before he became a mining broker, has written a book of his experiences in Kingston Penitentiary and at Collins Bay, and, as we see it, it is one of the most remarkable narratives we have read in a long time. Apart from his observations of penitentiary conditions, which gain in interest because of the recent riots and the trials arising from them, he has done an amazingly colorful series of character sketches for which his unconscious sitters were the inmates with whom he worked, ate and slept. On page ten of this issue, we present the first installment of "House of Hate," and if it progresses you don't find yourself utterly absorbed, then the heat wave must have been just a little too much for us.

### Thank You, Francesca

UP TO this moment you have, of course, never heard of the bride of Tono Tavaris. Beyond a few paragraphs in this issue you will probably never hear of the black-eyed Francesca again. Yet it is to that lady that we are all going to be indebted for an hour or so of good amusement each month for three months. For, paradoxically enough, had not Tono, who was a customs officer on the Franco-Italian border, been so anxious to get back his bride, he would not have insisted on musing up all the choice lingerie in the trunk of Daphne Butterworth. Thus Mr. Murray Bishop would not have had to play knight errant to that charming English miss, who, in turn, might not have broken her engagement to the very fiery and over-Adam's-appled Colonel Pluckett. Then the Colonel might never have heard of Mrs. Hollinger and her millions of eggs. Are we going too fast for you? However, all these things did happen and the result gives Alan Sullivan great scope. As we've a number of things to attend to, perhaps you wouldn't mind going with him to the wicket on page five and hooking "Single to Sicily," which, oddly enough, happens to be the title of our new serial. Incidentally, Carl Shreve, who drew the pictures, became so infatuated with the idea of Sicily that he sailed for the Mediterranean the day after he delivered his final illustration. Mr. Sullivan, well known in these pages, who now lives in Kent, is at present rambling his native Canada in search of material for a new novel.

### Egypt and Hollywood

IT ISN'T so easy keeping tab on Dr. W. G. Hardy. He does have a house in Edmonton, and he does teach Classics at the University of Alberta, but whenever we hear of him he is either taking a hockey team to Vancouver, or a dramatic team to some other place, or else he is browsing around in Ancient Crete. We

shouldn't be in the least surprised if he sends us a postcard from the Fiji Isles, though he was last reported as being in London arranging publication of his new biblical novel, "Father Abraham." This is a long way round to page eight, where appears the result of a conversation we had with Hardy some time ago, just when the government was haying up wheat. "George," we said, "as a biblical student did it ever strike you that there's an amazing parallel in the history of our own wheat pools and the original founder of the wheat pool idea—Joseph?" "No," he said, "but there is." "Why not weave it?" we said. And he did. There was a moment when we thought we wouldn't run "Wheat in Egypt" after all. That was when John F. Clymer, the illustrator, came in and asked us where he could get a really authentic portrait of Joseph.

If you were a young Canadian girl who had gone to New York determined to become a movie actress; if you were at the end of your resources, and a great director said: "My dear, you'd better go back home; your features will never register on the screen," what, we ask you, would you have done? Gone home, most likely. But not so in the case of Miss Shearer, of Westmount, P.Q., who used to spend her summer holidays at Islington, Ontario. On page sixteen, Katherine Albert tells you what Norma Shearer did. There's no need to tell you who Norma Shearer is.

### Refrigeration Department

FOR COOLING purposes, may we recommend "Wire Wonder," on page seventeen, wherein Percy T. Cole introduces Jim Hardy who, in his younger days, used to prance across a wire stretched over Niagara Gorge or Montmorency Falls. One look at the pictures will send a trickle of ice down your spine. On page fourteen there is also a distinct chill in the air, for Mr. Jack Mortimer, of The Mortimers, has just announced to the assembled family that he is going to marry a chorus girl! Stopes, the butler, is frozen solid. The interesting part about it is that The Mrs. Mortimer herself needed no thawing. "Child of the Heart," by Agnes Sligh Turnbull, will leave you with a very pleasant feeling. And then, on page twenty-one, Victor Lauriston is quite cold in his references to those idiotic motorists who develop high speed highway hysterics. If, after reading these, you should still be perspiring, turn to the second part of J. K. Calder's story of Russia and read about heat that is heat.

### Next Issue

DORA SANDERS, the person who got us into all that trouble over the ladies' new hats, has burst loose again. Now she thinks, after profound research, that women don't want to be free and that all the followers of Mrs. Pankhurst might just as well have devoted their time to knitting mittens. She will expound her theory in our next issue. Lieut. Colonel Drew, who is now flying across Canada, has promised us an article on the necessity of having a national brake on company promotions; R. T. L. will consider Mr. Vincent Massey and a number of other articles will entertain and enlighten. The fiction looks very, very good, including "The Canoe from Beyond the Moon," by Jefferson Cralle; "Young Man Incognito," by Arthur T. Munyan; "Carnations of the Royal Roads," by W. Donaldson Smith, and "Background," by Reita Lambert.

Horace, look up a weather forecast reading "Showers—Considerably Cooler" and let us read it.

*H. Napier Moore*

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**CANADA DRY**  
The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Editor: H. NAPIER MOORE

**Maclean's**

Associate Editor: W. A. IRWIN

AUGUST 1, 1933

Illustrated by Carl Shreve



"A nice girl, that. With a ridiculous nose, a rather impudent nose."

## Single to Sicily

By ALAN SULLIVAN

THEY MIGHT never have met had not Tonio Tavaroli, a junior customs inspector, been moved without notice from Palermo to Modane, and that only a week after he married Francesca Gaspari, she of the black eyes and raven locks. This sounds far-fetched, but so it stands. The other contributing factor was that Tonio had, the second week after his marriage, been put on night duty by a satirically-minded superior.

Modane in winter time is apt to be a cold corner, and lies at one end of the long tunnel by which the Paris-Rome express leaves France and emerges on the soil of Italy. It is a place remembered with repulsion by thousands of travellers. And tonight, what with a cold wind drifting through the cavernous, stone-walled examining room, and tantalizing thoughts of Francesca's black hair lying loose on an unshared pillow, Inspector Tonio Tavaroli's temper was not of the best.

The Rome express makes its halt at Modane in the small hours, and it is the practice of such first-class passengers as have easy consciences in the matter of smuggling to hand their keys to the sleeping-car porter and forget about them till morning. As often as not, the result is quite satisfactory.

On this occasion, however, it was otherwise. Tonio, robbed of his bride, felt definitely vindictive. His black eyes were sullen, and when he came to four pieces of British

luggage booked to Taormina in Sicily, the thing became too sharp to bear, and he pounced upon them determined to get some of his own back.

The porter felt a faint surprise when Tonio snatched at the proffered keys and began to burrow much as does a ferret when intrigued by the proximity of a palpitating rabbit.

Thus it came to pass that from the first trunk was jerked forth a succession of dainty and intimate garments that formed a steadily increasing pile from which escaped a faint scent of jasmine. Tonio sniffed. There were lace, silk, filigree things light as gossamer, new shoes without even the scratches with which guileless passengers seek to delude the inspector, chocolates, tea, biscuits and other things all *inviolato*. If in fact the yet unknown owner had set out to transgress regulations she could not have made a better selection.

"*Bien alors?*" remarked the porter, scenting trouble.

"The lady must come here," snapped Tonio.

"She is unfortunately asleep."

"*Bacco!* Do you sleep, do I sleep? Then let her sleep, but this trunk stays in Modane. She doubtless has a husband. Does he also sleep?"

"It is possible, in fact likely, but she travels alone," said the porter wearily.

Tonio shrugged, and the porter, after a swift glance at his

dark brows, went off. The husband of Francesca turned grimly to the next trunk, a man's. He did in a key, and heard a click. Experience guided his hand to the pockets. Cigarettes compressed in flat, silver-coated packets, a packet in nearly every pocket. More in the toes of the shoes, in the folds of shirts and pyjamas. Cigarettes in the linings of soft felt hats. Never had he uncovered so many cigarettes in so small a space before. The thing was an invitation, as well as an insult. He went on, therefore, rummaging dexterously, bringing to light more and more cigarettes, and piling them in a neat little heap beside the pink silk bifurcated things extracted from the other trunk. Thus arranged, the combination looked positively lawless, almost licentious.

He had just straightened his back when the porter came back followed by a young lady—tall, brown eyes large with sleep, and a small, rather impudent nose. She wore pink pyjamas under a fur-lined coat, her bare feet, also a little pink, were pushed into pink mules, and her round face, itself flushed to a definite pink, looked definitely hostile.

"Well!" said she. "What's the matter? Why on earth am I dragged out of bed like this?"

Tonio remained unmoved, for on that particular night he would have dragged any woman except Francesca out of bed, so he did not answer, but jerked his thumb at the leather trunk which lay gaping.



"The gentleman—yes—he must come."  
Filled with unspeakable disgust for all international regulations, the porter disappeared again, and Tonio looked anxiously at the young lady. She wrinkled her nose.  
"Well, what about it? You can't charge duty on those things."  
Tonio pushed out his chin and, feeling the need of reinforcement, sent for the interpreter. He gesticulated, he waved his hands, he picked up the most intimate and personal garments, rubbing their texture between hard fingers. He displayed biscuits, tea, and in final triumph brought forth the chocolate.

THE INTERPRETER was thumbing a dirty, dog-eared list of duty charges, when the three were joined by the porter, shepherding a tall young man with sloping shoulders, humorous blue eyes and a dishevelled appearance. He wore a camel's hair coat over blue pyjamas, and sheepskin slippers. At the display on the table, his fair brows went up just a shade, he gave a laugh, and produced a silver-coated packet of cigarettes. Finally with extreme interest he examined the fruits of Tonio's activity. The girl watched him out of the tail of her eye.

"Beastly, isn't it?" said she.  
"Oh, I don't know." He was staring at the jasmine-scented heap as though mesmerized.  
"Sorry—I thought you were a gentleman," she snapped.  
"Lord, no—nothing like that!"  
The voice was very amiable, so much so that she gave the ghost of a smile, then instantly became frigid.  
"But difficult to tell what a man is unless you see the rest of his clothes on him," he added smoothly. "Perhaps some other—"

"Not in this case," she assured him with growing hostility; "so please mind your own—"  
"The lady must pay twelve hundred lire," broke in the interpreter, whose spine now felt like a column of ice.  
"Wha-at!" she gasped.

The Fascist Government, she was informed, would be satisfied with nothing else. As an alternative to immediate payment, she might proceed with her journey, leave the luggage here, and refer the matter to a higher tribunal.

At this she was quite disconcerted, and stood frowning, moving the tip of her tilted nose in a fashion that the young man found strangely fascinating. Tonio, duty done and reputation sustained, swelled with contentment. The porter sighed with boredom. The interpreter proffered some scribbled hieroglyphics that might have meant anything. The young man shivered slightly, rubbed his right foot against his left ankle, and meantime gazed obliquely at the pink pile.

"I haven't got the cash with me," gulped the girl. "Will you take a cheque?"

The Fascist Government regretted that it did not take cheques under any circumstances whatever.

"If you would allow me to redeem your—er—your—"  
volunteered the young man, transferring his gaze to the ceiling.

"I certainly would not," she flushed.

The sloping shoulders lifted a little, and he transferred his attention to his own property. There was a rustle of Italian notes—he had a pocketful of them ready—and one of the silver-coated packets for the inspector himself. Tonio, at a gesture, repacked the leather trunk, locked it and returned the key. During this time—and it took several minutes—the young man did not look at the girl. Finally, with an ultimate shudder, he started for the platform.

"I say—look here!" she stammered.

He stopped. "Yes, madam?"

"You're not going off like that!"

"Like what?"

"Like you're going—"

"I don't know any other way," he said cheerfully.

"Please don't be an ass!"

"Why not an ass and no gentleman at the same moment. It saves time!"

"I'm sorry," she choked, "but this is all too foul for words."

Relenting a little, he came slowly back.

"It is a bit thick."

"Then what are you going to do about it?"

"Me! Oh, I thought that well—that you, so to speak—"

"Has no one ever called you an ass before?"

"Multitudes have done so, but I was always fully dressed. Is there any way in which I can be of service to modom?"

"I'll catch my death of cold if you don't get me out of this," said she desperately. "Will you cash me a cheque? You seem to have lots of it." Her voice was shaky, her knees knocking together.

"As it happens, we are in funds at the moment. Cash! Forward, please. Where are you bound for?"

"Taormina."

"By an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances, so are we. Look here—you just crawl back into bed, and keep the chill out of your liver. I'll fix this, and the cheque can wait till morning. Pleased to have met you. Scram now—vamosse—*scusi!* Porter, get this young lady two hot-water bottles, and see that the plugs are tight."

The color flamed into her cheeks, and she was about to



"The lady must pay twelve hundred lire," said the inspector.

"Wha-at!" she gasped.

retort, when a blast even more arctic than before whistled through the hall, and that settled it. She marched out, head high. Three minutes later the young man, having examined the name on the steamer trunk, followed her. Came an absurd toot from the guard's whistle, an answering wheeze from the engine, the rhythmic rumble of revolving wheels, and train tail-lights dwindling toward Turin.

MR. MURRAY BISHOP lay in comfort—he had the compartment to himself—and reflected on life in general. At his birth, which was some nine years before the war, his father, a somewhat overbearing captain of industry, had closely examined the reddish features of his only offspring, then with a feeling of profound disappointment applied himself to his business with even greater assiduity than before. He made a very great deal of money, and then displayed unexampled consideration and passed away in an apoplectic fit. His relict—that is, Murray's mother—was a kindly natured woman animated by an unswerving resolution to arrange her darling's future life.

It took the form of a girl, a very worthy and well-bred girl with no nonsense about her, selected by Mrs. Bishop as his ideal mate. She hoped—she could say no more than that at the moment—something would come of it.

Murray, who felt pleasingly single and desired to remain so, felt threatened. Now the time had come for escape. Dora was going to Brazil and back with her people. Let her go.

Now he was in his berth in the Paris-Rome express, stretching himself luxuriously, lulled by the click of wheels, and grinning at the remembrance of six hours ago. A nice girl that. He would take the cheque. Also he would doubtless see her in Taormina. But that didn't mean anything.

At the other end of the sleeping-car, the young lady also lay in her berth, reflecting on life, there being several things she recalled with profound disgust. She had made a fool of herself. Also the male stranger had first treated her like mud, then saved a very awkward situation. Finally he had expressed concern for her liver.

This embarrassing sequence filled her with not unnatural rancor, and she felt it unfair that her trip should be thus marred at the very outset. It was a hasty trip, undertaken on impulse, because four days previously she had not dreamed of Taormina, then after a dizzy brain wave found herself thinking of nothing else.

Another fly had become caught in the ointment of life, a fly expressed in terms of Italian currency to the extent of 1,000 lire. This she had ascertained when the porter brought the hot-water bottles, was the exact amount paid by the male stranger on her behalf. Wrinkling her brows, she took a pencil from her bag and reckoned that at the present rate of exchange it meant about eleven pounds ten. Doing the long division again, she made it ten pounds eleven, then gave it up. All she certainly knew was that it meant a week less in Taormina.

She kicked aside the now tepid hot-water bottles, swung her long legs to the floor, pushed her pink toes into the pink mules, and gave her flexible person a luxurious stretch. Then she snapped up the blind and looked out.

There shimmered the Mediterranean, an intense cobalt blue, alive

with light and flecked with what looked like gigantic snow-flakes as far as her eyes could reach. Under a westerly breeze it sparkled and gleamed. The train was running quite close to the shore. Villas, white-walled, red-roofed and green-shuttered, flashed by, and from the villa gardens came a glint of oranges and lemons.

"My hat," she breathed, "what a fool I was to hesitate!" At this came a knock at her door, followed by coffee and rolls.

"Oh," she said, "wait a minute. That gentleman—the one last night—what is his name?"

"Monsieur Bishop. Does *mademoiselle* wish to see him?" "Certainly not; I never want to see him again. Please give him this," she scribbled.

"Miss Butterworth's compliments to Mr. Bishop, and does she owe him ten pounds eleven, or eleven pounds ten?"

The porter, scouting romance, nodded appreciatively, and disappeared. In three minutes he came back with a note.

"Mr. Bishop's compliments to Miss Butterworth, and he regrets that she is unable to do simple division. The amount paid on her behalf was one thousand lire. The present rate of exchange is 86 to the pound."

She read this, her cheeks flaming. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "What a beast!" The porter's eyes opened wider.

"Is it possible that I can assist *mademoiselle*," he ventured. "The gentleman seemed—"

"Is not a gentleman," she announced loftily.

"Exactly, *mademoiselle*; but did he not also say that himself at Modane?"

At this she gulped, choked a little, and seized her pencil.

"Miss Butterworth's education is not an affair of Mr. Bishop's, and she would be obliged to know the exact amount she owes him."

"Please take that, and wait for an answer."

In another three minutes it came.

"1,000 = 11.62 = 11.62 x 86 = 1,000.00 = 11.62 x 86 = 1,000.00"

"Mr. Bishop begs to provide the above very elementary calculation, and to assure Miss Butterworth that her education, or lack of one, is to him a matter of indifference. The class will now dismiss."

She glanced at this, her eyes snapping, then in a hand shaky with anger wrote a cheque.

"Will you give this to the—"  
to Mr. Bishop, and say that that—

The voice wavered a little. What should one say? Nothing obviously. One simply cut the person dead.

"*Mademoiselle* desires me to—"

"No, I don't; just please give him this. That's all."

The porter took the cheque to Mr. Bishop, who, still in his pyjamas, accepted it in the most off-hand manner possible, and demanded a second pot of coffee. The train proceeded, and the porter proceeded with his morning work, charged with human regret that nothing proceeded between compartments two and twelve.

AN HOUR LATER Miss Butterworth, having finished her last magazine and becoming slightly bored, opened her door and glanced down the corridor. Some thirty feet away lounged the tall figure of Mr. Bishop, his back toward her. He was, as usual, smoking.

She had not long to wait. Mr. Bishop, perceiving her a moment later, bowed distantly, threw his cigarette out of the window, and moved in her direction.

"Miss Butterworth, I believe?"

"Mr. Bishop, I'm afraid," she said acidly.

"Your premonitions are unfortunately justified. How is your liver?"

"How dare you!" she exploded.

"How dare I what?"

"Mention my—my—well, my liver!"

"They're having it for lunch!" he replied hopefully. "Not yours; some other one. I revel in it."

"Is it necessary to be so disgusting?"

"Ah, Miss Butterworth, who can answer that? Was I disgusting?"

"Unspeakably. It's on a par with everything else."

"Just like that?"

"Yes," she said severely, "exactly. Your behavior last night, for instance."

"I thought I behaved fairly well, for me. Didn't you want those things?"

"What things?" she snapped unguardedly.

"The ones that—er—that without going into details I had the privilege of getting released from profaning hands."

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# Wheat in Egypt

By W. G. HARDY

HE SAT in splendor on a chair of ebony inlaid with ivory and gold. Behind him a Nubian, white eyeballs rolling in the polished black of his face, held up a widespread fan of ostrich plumes in hands that trembled. At his side stood Shepser, Keeper of the Treasury, and Intef, the scribe. Intef's secret smile of satire was carved as in marble on his face. But Shepser covered back into himself and darted quick and fearful glances at the shouting mob that had so suddenly irrupted into the pillared Hall of Judgment.

"They are all here," he quavered; "the tillers of the soil whom you would not meet though they came from far distances to see you, and the stonemasons and the potters and the makers of ropes and sandals. What are we to do, O Joseph?"

Joseph did not answer. Proud chin uplifted, eyes narrow under his jewelled headdress, he watched the clamoring throng press hard against the slender barrier of spearmen at the foot of the dais on which he sat.

"Bread, O Outlander," they shouted. "Give us bread."

He stared back at them arrogantly. Was he not Grand Steward to the Pharaoh? Who were these scoundrels of the streets of Memphis, these tillers of the fields along the green serpent of the Nile, to bandy words with him? Why should they lay it to his charge that depression brooded over Egypt like a black cloud that did not lift?

But even as he thought this he was conscious of Intef's smile, and it came back to him that six moons ago he, Joseph, had been a slave and had lain in prison. Now, by the whim of the Pharaoh, he sat as Lord of Egypt. Yet the proud nobles disdained him and the common folk cried out against him. Let him make but one false step, let the Pharaoh turn his face from him, and the nobles would pounce on him like hunting dogs upon a wounded bird. And of late, he remembered, the Pharaoh had begun to look at him with sidelong eyes. Aye, if he did not heal this sick disease of Egypt, if he could not quell this frenzied mob and the other mobs that raged throughout the land of Egypt, he would fall as a pile of blocks tumbled. Alone, a Hebrew, a man who had been a slave—how, he wondered, would the Pharaoh look on him when he went to make report to him?

He lifted his chin and stared the more fiercely at the milling crowd. And then a burly man leaped out before them.

"Who is this Joseph, O men of Egypt?" he called, tossing up outspread, clutching fingers. "Is it not he who crept from the bed of Potiphar into the Pharaoh's favor? Did he not promise but two moons since that all should prosper and have work in Egypt? Yet we perish." He turned to face

Joseph and flung up across the barrier of spearmen. "Work, O Hebrew. Work or bread."

At the word "bread" the mob shouted in answer and surged forward against the thin line of soldiers.

"Bread," they clamored. "Bread!"

"They will tear us into pieces," Shepser cried tremulously. "Rise up and make them promises, O Steward to the Pharaoh."

"Aye," Intef said, and did not trouble to hide the sneer. "Are not promises cheaper than the dust that blows through the streets of Memphis? Feed them on the chaff of empty promises, O Joseph."

Joseph looked at him angrily. He stood up.

"Clear the hall," he called out to the captain of the guard.

An angry roar went up from the tangled crowd. "The spearmen are too few," Shepser cried, catching Joseph by the arm. "The mob will overwhelm them."

Joseph flung off his hand.

"Clear the hall," he called again.

THE CAPTAIN, a brisk, soldierly man, saluted briefly. Turning, he raised his hand in a sweeping signal. The curtains that stretched across the hall on either side the dais fell back, and archers stood there in serried rows, bows ready, arrows on the string. The mob, caught in its forward, angry rush, paused for a startled instant. Joseph permitted himself a glance at his counsellors. Shepser's mouth was open in mingled relief and amazement. But the cold, secret smile still lingered on Intef's face. With an impatient gesture, Joseph turned and spoke to the mob that was already cowering backward.

"Hear me," he cried resonantly, "ye rioters in the Judgment Hall of Joseph. If ye have grievances, choose out two from your number and two only to speak with me. But now, ye scum, ye less than nothing, haste ye from out this hall.

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"Ere long the flame of revolt will blaze through Egypt."

Anger flooded Joseph's cheeks. "How now, dog; do you threaten me?"

Else, by all your gods, I will loose yon arrows into your shrinking flesh."

For an instant the mob stared back at him. Then, breaking into cries of fear, they turned in a mad rush to the door, jostling, thrusting, trampling each other underfoot. Joseph smiled a thin-lipped smile and sat down.

"And now," Intef said, "that you have shown yourself a strong man, a man with bowels of brass and will of stone, what further will you do, O Joseph? For the cloud of depression still broods over Egypt."

"Am I a god," Joseph answered irritably, "to bring prosperity back to Egypt?"

"For two years," Intef went on inexorably, "holy Nile has risen beyond its wont so that the land has given of its fruits a thousandfold. Is not wheat as dirt in Egypt, so plentiful it is? Yet the peasants are sunk in poverty and the laborers of Egypt are idle. Strange it is that the people starve in the midst of plenty."

"Am I the Lord God," Joseph demanded, "to hold back the rising of the Nile?"

"Yet remember," Shepser broke in, "that Hapsu-neheb,

he who was Steward before you, was cast from his place because he could find no healing for the blight that destroys Egypt."

"And," Intef added in his detached voice, "the proud nobles of Egypt watch you. Is not Potiphar, who hates you, still captain of the Pharaoh's guard?"

Joseph flung himself back in his chair. Egypt, this depression, the shifting Pharaoh, Potiphar and the wife of Potiphar, that ancient quarrel . . . For an instant he wished himself not Joseph, Steward to the Pharaoh, Joseph before whom all men bowed to hide the hatred in their eyes, but Joseph, a beardless lad herding the goats again on the stony hills of Canaan.

Intef broke in upon his reverie.

"The rabble," he told him, "have sent in two men to speak with you."

IT WAS the familiar story of poverty and depression that the older man of the two, a man wrinkled like a mummy with age and toil, told to him. But Joseph seemed scarcely to heed him. Instead, he stared balefully at the other man,

the thick-thewed man who had just cried out to the mob. "None," the old man quavered, "will buy of the wheat we grow. We have no money, O Lord of Egypt. Yet, none the less, the tax gatherers of the Pharaoh and the collectors of the nobles press hard upon us. Our lands and our sheep and our cattle have been taken from us. Yet our debts grow no smaller. So now they beat us with stripes and sell our children for slaves. Aye, we are as dogs."

"Your debts are just?" Joseph demanded.

The old man spread out his hands.

"Then, what am I to do?"

The burly, thick-thewed man spoke out:

"Hold back the tax gatherers of the Pharaoh," he growled.

"Set the hand of firmness on the wealthy nobles, they that milk the land of Egypt as a man drains the last drop from the udder of a goat. Blot out our debts."

"The man is mad," Shepser exclaimed before Joseph could answer. "How can we govern if we have no taxes? And the wealthy ones of Egypt—set a finger on them and you will stop the flow of trade. Besides, the treasury of the Pharaoh is in debt to them."

Illustrated by John F. Clymer

"Aye," Intef commented dryly, "do not listen to the madman, Joseph. For he would destroy the hallowed sanctities of debts and taxes."

"Be silent," Joseph bade them angrily. He looked down at the man. "Did I not see you brawling in this hall not long since? What is your name, dog?"

"Harkhuf, of the guild of the stonemasons," the man answered sullenly. "I speak for them that labor with their hands."

"Ye do not grow the wheat," Joseph said. "Why do ye, too, clamor at my doors?"

"The peasants," Harkhuf answered, "cannot buy the goods we make." He glanced at Shepser. "Stop the flow of trade," he quoted bitterly. "I tell you there is no trade. We have no work and we starve, we and our children. Yet they press upon us for debts and taxes. The wheat clogs the life of Egypt."

Joseph did not seem to heed him. He was leaning back in his chair, his anger forgotten for the moment.

"If wheat," he muttered, "if wheat had its price again."

"Aye," Harkhuf said eagerly, "an' you will not blot out our debts, take from the treasury of the Pharaoh and set a fixed price on wheat."

Shepser flung up his hands. "This madman thinks," he cried, "that the treasury of the Pharaoh is a never-fading well."

"Then take," Harkhuf flung back at him, "the stored-up wealth of the nobles of Egypt, the wealth that they have squeezed from out our labor and our suffering. Do they not grow richer while poverty grips us by the throat?"

Shepser thrust at him with his head as if he would have struck him.

"You speak treason," he said. "You shall be beaten."

"Not thus," Harkhuf replied fiercely, "will you cure Egypt. Already there are riots in the streets of Memphis. Ere long the flame of revolt will blaze through Egypt. Beware of that day. And do you, too, beware, O Joseph, beware the day when the people take by force the stored-up wealth that is theirs by right."

HIS FIERCE WORDS brought Joseph back from his thoughts; brought back, too, the accumulated worry and trouble of the morning and of the weeks that were past. He sat up. Anger flooded his cheeks.

"How now, dog," he thundered. "Do you threaten me?"

Harkhuf stepped back.

"Nay," he said, "I do but speak truth."

"A bitter pill," Intef said casually, "for them that rule."

Anger and irritation and worry seemed to well up in Joseph, to fill his brain to bursting, to turn to a deadly calm. He stood up.

"I will show you," he said in a level voice to Intef, "how to rule." He turned to the captain of his guard. "Seize this dog," he commanded.

Two spearmen laid hold on Harkhuf. His companion, the older man, fell on his face, crying for mercy. But Harkhuf, after an instant's struggle, stood quiet and looked at Joseph. "Thou canst slay me," he said dauntlessly, "Canst thou thus lead Egypt?"

Joseph stared down at him, frowning, conscious of Intef's smile, conscious, too, of a war within himself. What this man said was true. But then, the worry, the ceaseless irritation of the past weeks—why should he, Joseph, be ever baited like a bear tied to a stake? His face hardened. He raised his arm to pronounce judgment on Harkhuf—and saw a stir at the door. A man in striped and colored headcloth, a slave in his hand, had come in.

"A messenger," Intef breathed and the smile was gone from his face, "a messenger from the Pharaoh this early?"

Joseph dropped his arm. He left Harkhuf standing there, and his face as he turned to the messenger was very watchful.

"Hail," the messenger said. "The Pharaoh bids thee to a meeting of council."

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# House of Hate

By AUSTIN CAMPBELL



HERE WAS once a man who had a wooden leg. He was very sensitive about it. He tried to pretend that it was good flesh and blood. Of course, he failed. His considerate friends courteously ignored his affliction, so the comedy waddled and stumped its erratic way through life. I have a wooden leg. I have been in the Penitentiary. I realize that I will limp with this through life. But I am not trying to hide it. It is very kind of you, my friends, to ignore my infirmity and welcome me back joyously and sincerely to your midst. Believe me, I am not ungrateful; neither am I unmindful of your self-imposed blindness.

Strangely, I am less embarrassed by the possession of my particular form of wooden leg than I am impressed with the fact that I possess a unique and unusual piece of philosophic equipment.

How I acquired this wooden leg and what happened to my philosophy in the process, is the purpose of this chronicle. Of the men—Negro, Indian, Cockney, Jew, Frenchman, Russian—with whom I had my meals and beside whom I slept, and of what they said and thought and felt and suffered, of these things I would tell you. Of the bandit who sang for us, of the thief whose honesty was proverbial, of the ex-convict who cursed me, and the bank robber who prayed for me. It is of these—of their joys and their pains, their fury and their charity—of these I would tell.

A WALL; a long, grey, limestone wall, high, smooth, unbroken, imperturbable—that's what I remember. A wall topped by a small hut with glittering glass. A delicately framed hut, but threatening, like the head of a snake on a long outstretched body of hard white. A dangerous hut, for in the window sat a guard watching, watching. The guard held an ever ready rifle, and the afternoon sun glittered harshly on the long barrel.

Yes, a forbidding wall, emotionless, austere. A wall eternally dividing the world of living reality from that area of ground that is "The Land Where Time Stands Still," the "Lot Where God is Not."

Here is Alpha and Omega. Here, epitomized in stone and steel of material fact, lies all the mystery of death, all the wonder of the unknown. In a few seconds I will be inside. In a few seconds the world, where time moves, where life grows, will have vanished.

For the past hour we have been travelling in a taxi. Not a police car. There are no uniforms or shackles and we are smoking, so there is nothing evident to indicate that we are prisoners. We have been moving through a quiet town. Children are playing on the streets; there is a washing hanging on a line. Some feeling in the air indicates that spring is not far away.

We seem to be moving through a world of unreality. I feel as though I were on some personally conducted tour. Or that I am viewing, impartially, some opera bouffe; some simple rural play with set pieces of staging and a small town atmosphere.

But the car turns a corner—and there stands the long grey wall of Kingston Penitentiary.

A good-natured clap on the shoulder shook me from my reverie. Paterson, my fellow traveller, laughed.

"Well, Austin, here's our home for two years."

"And here's where I varnish my countenance with a smile good for two years," I replied.

"You're darn cahootin'," exclaimed Pat cheerfully. Responding to his mood, I hummed the music of Siebel's song from *Faust*: "All hail, thou pure and lowly dwelling." Then I stopped suddenly. Somehow the sentiment did not fit.

IT'S NOT A cheerful spot—the North Gate. So easily, so quietly you enter, only to be startled suddenly and to wince as the heavy leaves clap shut like the sharp jaws of a trap.

"Come on now, look sharp there! Throw away that cigarette! Now, march!" The hand of discipline seizes you promptly. Perhaps it is just as well, for in motion lies relief of thought and to think is to die every moment. Another gate opens. You file through and, lining up with the others of the party, you have your first glimpse of "K.P."

You are pleasantly surprised. You feel the tension of your nerves relax. Before you spreads a wide smooth road, sloping gently toward a large, not unsightly building. The fresh green of new grass flows in wide arvas on both sides of the road, and in neat beds the purple and white of crocuses nod pleasantly to you. You find yourself drawing a deep and normal breath. Where crocuses grow it cannot all be death.

At the far end of the broad road you see a group of men. Slowly, with dull and shuffling step, they draw nearer. Four abreast they move, perhaps twenty-five men deep. Mechanically you estimate them. One hundred convicts; one hundred criminals, a tiny army of the damned. Blue hats, blue coats, blue trousers, blue shirts—you had expected striped prison garments and are surprised—they draw nearer and slowly shuffle past. The figures are slouching, soiled and aimless. They look at you vacantly and then several of them smile. It is not the friendly smile of recognition. It puzzles you at first.

Then suddenly you understand and you too smile. They are laughing at you. You are a new convict—a "fish"—and they know it. They have a superior knowledge to you. They understand what it is all about and you don't. They are laughing at your city clothes. They know you are nervous and embarrassed. It amuses them. You are a new recruit to these despoiled ranks. In but an hour you, too, will be clad in blue. They are boldly chortling over your coming discomfiture.

In one corner there is a vegetable garden. Other men are working in it. On the lawn, another man trundles a wheelbarrow full of cut grass. You remember that when you hear of him later. These men seem happy enough.

Up and down on his short beat on top of the wall, a khaki-clad guard marches. He nestles a rifle in the crook of his arm. He swings about and you can see that his eye is following the small procession of which you are one. You grin grimly. That rifle is up there to keep you in order. You are now a dangerous man.

THE chief keeper's office might be the entrance to a modern gymnasium. Might be, I say, were it not for the vicious-looking lash hanging on a nail. You are greeted by a receiving desk, weigh scales with a measuring stand, barber chair, shower bath, typewriters and letter files. Also there is a large board that does duty as a sort of hotel register, for on it you observe that there are 928 guests in residence.



"And mind you don't hurt them bars. They're Government property."

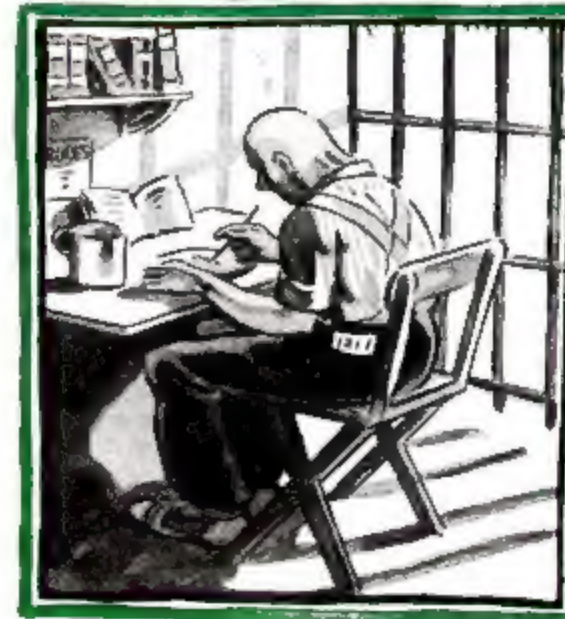
Modesty does not trouble the keeper's office. There are no prudish ideas about the naked human body. One by one we stripped ourselves. Clothing went into a large bag, which would be either returned to our homes or held for us, whichever we elected. Incidentally this right of choice is the last preference allowed an inmate. Henceforth all his thinking is to be done for him.

Valuables, such as rings, watches and money were all counted, listed and described. Then, placed in individual packages, they were consigned to the vaults to await the day when we could use them again.

Next we were weighed, then measured by the tailor and the sizes of shoes enquired into, and finally led to the baths. To describe that cleansing process as a bath, is to pay it but slight praise. It is, in fact, a disinfecting, delousing ritual from which you emerge sans hair, sans mustache, almost sans cuticle, but very clean, uncomfortably clean.

Then we went across the yard to the Dome. Here we march, six men from the city, six men from the clubs and the counting houses; six men with homes and families, motor cars, radios and pictures, and only an hour ago in the dress of commerce, finance and society. Here we march through the yard of Kingston Penitentiary, six business men, every last outward vestige of our citizenship gone, titles, rank, money, matches, even our hair removed, shaven, short, washed and disinfected, uniformed, labelled, counted and numbered, six business men of Toronto!

THE Dome is home. That is to say, it is the place where are the tiers and rows of cells, in six of which we are to sit and sleep and have our restricted being. Towering five stories high, built like a cross, the four arms of which radiate from the centre, this building is admittedly escape proof. During the day, when a man is at his work in the shop or yard, he might possibly escape if he could avoid the bullets of the guards on the walls. It has been done. But, once locked in his cell, the most astute criminal or the cleverest man at the gentle art of jail-breaking must needs yield. Save for the purposes of discipline and the suppression of noise, all the guards could go home to sleep, confident that in the morning the entire



population of the "Big House" would be safe and sure behind those automatic locks and barred windows and the unimpressible steel and concrete.

Yet for all its metallic certainty, I saw beauty, or rather the illusion of beauty, as I turned in at the door of "The Dome." Far down the hallway, leading from the door to the central space under the domed glass skylight, I saw something glistening and radiant amid the dull grey. It seemed to me that it must be the altar in the chapel, for, on a base of white, some utensils sparkled and shone, like chalices of sacred gold.

Rudely, sadly was the illusion broken. As I proceeded up the passage the glory resolved itself into the unromantic brass of that clanging demon, the bell. Monotonously strident, its insistent "Ping, ping" has clattered through those walls morning and night for one hundred years. Five generations of Guests of the Government have got up in the morning, stood to their bars or gone to bed at night, all to the metallic command of this soulless, relentless being of brass. Beauty? Ugh!

It was in the Dome that we were lined up to receive the first of our lectures in prison etiquette and convict decorum. We learned, first, that the word "convict" is obsolete. "Inmate" is now the proper designation. So, as inmates, toeing a line on the floor, the arrangement of the cell blocks and the ranges was explained to us. I discovered that my address read like this: Name, Campbell, A.; No., 2141; Range, 4; Cell, 8; Sentence, 2 years; Protestant.

Well, as addresses go, it may not have been so bad after all. There was no telephone number. No bill

collectors would be able to get at me. No boisterous, semi-incubated friends could blow in unceremoniously and urge me to abandon my life of piety and temperance. It was a home where neither thieves, tax collectors, bailiffs nor that sort of person, could break through to rob or torment. And that's something not to be scorned in these days of economic chaos.

Bright, orderly and with all the cleanliness of a hospital operating room, the stone and steel of the Dome embraced us. Standing right at the hub, where the radiating blocks of cells connected, we could see, if we dared turn our heads to look, the long lines of cells, each with its polished steel door set open at the same exact angle.

Four tiers of platforms circled around us, providing access to the thirty-two ranges. Each cell block occupying one of the four wings was like a four-story tenement building with its cells back to back, thus facing, as it were, on two streets. Each row of cells was called a "Range" and contained twenty cells. Mechanically I added and multiplied, then subtracted to allow for the lack of cells down the entrance wing, and finally arrived at the total of nine hundred cells. Nine hundred rooms in this free boarding house, and each apartment designed for only one occupant. Truly it is well named the "Palace of a Thousand Gates."

The inviolable precision of the place attracted and fascinated me. I felt that it held a mystery—900 mysteries—and I wanted to see them, taste them, feel them.

It was an airy place, large, quiet and bright. It did not at all conform to my ideas of what a prison would be like. It was not dreadful or repulsive. The tall windows, reaching from floor to roof, flooded the ranges with light. The glass in the dome, high above our heads, was brilliant with the late afternoon sun. Bands of light lay on the floor, metal shone, walls gleamed. By the use of ever so little imagination—the mere narrowing of one's eyelids, as do artists when they study a picture—the atmosphere changed. The building became arched and groined, vast and mysterious—even cathedral like.

Continued on page 41

Illustrated by Stanley Turner





# Sir William

By R. T. L.

thirty-eight, and was Liberal member for North York for the next twenty-three years.

He wears old-fashioned spectacles and takes them off when he wants to read.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier took him into the Cabinet of All the Talents in 1896 as Postmaster-General, in which capacity he introduced penny postage within the Empire and was knighted for doing it.

Later he became the first Canadian Minister of Labor and started his young friend, Mr. Mackenzie King, in public life by appointing him his first Deputy Minister. For doing this, his reward is not yet quite certain.

He became one of Sir Wilfrid's closest friends, and used to have an inflexible programme of three games of piquet with Lady Laurier every day after lunch.

He likes porridge

for breakfast and has it every second morning. He is also fond of sausages, gladioli, bridge and compliments.

HE RETIRED from politics and became an Ontario judge in 1905, when he was sixty-one. He felt that he ought to do this because he was getting pretty old and his health was not very good.

He is now eighty-nine and his health is so bad that he smokes cigars right after breakfast, goes fishing in the rain, and is apt to go out for the evening at midnight if somebody does not stop him.

He thinks Mr. Bennett is a promising young man. After he retired in 1905 he carried on as a judge for eighteen years, then was made Chief Justice of Ontario, and the next year also Chancellor of Toronto University.

He has held these positions for only nine or ten years and is hardly accustomed to them yet.

He is still seen at more public functions than any other figure in Toronto history, with the possible exception of Mr. Thomas L. Church, who is now chiefly remarkable because he is hardly seen at all.

He had acute appendicitis when he was seventy-nine and dislocated his shoulder in a fall the next year, but does not expect anything further to happen to him for some time to come.

He is disrespectfully suspected of chewing tobacco, but does so only when he feels like it.

When he was Postmaster-General he met a young Italian inventor named Marconi, and was persuaded to build a wireless station at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, where the world's first transatlantic wireless message was received.

He thinks that worry is mankind's greatest ailment and is very worried about it.

HE LIVES in a large house on Jarvis Street and has a highly dignified library, filled with extremely uncomfortable chairs. He sits here each evening to read "Bringing Up Father."

He also has a 300-acre farm near Aurora and is known in this locality as The Squire of Mulock's Corners. He flies a flag to signify his presence at the farm, where he has been noted for raising Shetland ponies, black walnut trees and other things.

He has ventured into several large real estate transactions in Toronto, but cares no more for the money he has thus managed to make than he does for his right eye.

He may always be observed at the Woodbine Jockey Club on King's Plate Day, attired in a rather odd top hat, white waistcoat, gold-headed stick and a long cigar.

In religion he is an Anglican, and is thus one of the few Toronto citizens to achieve civic eminence without benefit of Methodism.

He tried nearly forty years ago to do away with railway passes for Members of Parliament and has always insisted on paying his own fare—a method of expressing political conviction which has not yet occurred to Mr. Woodsworth.

He also tried in Parliament to obtain a fifty per cent reduction of the Governor-General's salary, but now is obliged to substitute for the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario whenever that office is vacant, which quite a number of people think is not often enough.

He regards Toronto's Communists as a very serious menace, and will not quite admit that the Chief of Police may be a worse one.

He has acquired a good deal of the formulaic outlook and opinion with which a Leading Citizen of his city must be equipped, but manages to retain a certain proportion of his liberal instincts.

As a judge he once raised the question of whether an automobile is a necessity or a luxury, and suggested that the country would be better off if all automobiles were laid up for a year.

The people of Oshawa immediately did not send him a vote of thanks.

He intends to write his memoirs when he becomes old enough.—The End



A "foreign" ditching machine in action.

# My Four Years in Russia

By J. K. CALDER

ONE OF THE most interesting and hardest trips that I have ever made was to Bertis in Kazakhstan, in Central Asia. This will be the site of the largest copper smelter in Europe or Asia. It is seven days by train from Moscow plus two weeks by camel; 450 kilometers from the nearest railroad. Eventually this plant will be connected up with the Omsk railroad from Carragande, but as yet only 200 kilometers have been graded in preparation for the laying of steel. This is supposed to start this year, and possibly will if they can get the rails.

Bertis is in a part of Russia where very few foreigners have ever been. It was nothing more than a spot on the desert before the discovery of this copper mine. In fact, nobody lived there, but now it has a population of 10,000 people, ninety per cent of them Kazaks.

Before the revolution the Kazaks were herdsmen, this being the section of Russia that produced most of the meat used in the country. At the present time practically no cattle, sheep or animals of any kind are to be found. Those not taken by the Government during and after the revolution were driven through the passes in the Tien Shan Mountains into China. This left the inhabitants in a deplorable condition so far as food was concerned. The Kazak cannot exist without meat. I have sat at meals with them when a single man ate ten to twelve kilograms at one time.

The Kazak has no education outside of the few facts about Nature that he must learn in order to exist. He is a roamer, never settling in one place for any length of time. He never tries to grow anything or set up any sort of permanent home. His living quarters consist of a wooden frame covered with heavy felt, called a *yulak*. This house can be taken down and packed on his camels in short order, and it is in this tent or house that he lives both winter and summer. Personal cleanliness is unknown. On this particular job I put up two delousing houses, and when the Kazaks were informed that their clothes would go into them and they themselves would have to take a bath, another revolution was almost started on the spot. They cried and begged and claimed that to take a bath meant certain death, and were much surprised when they survived the ordeal.

The Kazak as a workman is about the most useless thing the world has ever known. For generations the women have done all the work, and the men have got out of the habit. On the job it took five Kazaks to accomplish what one good Russian could do. This, of course, does not apply to the Kazak women, for they made fairly decent workmen, or rather workwomen.

One of the main difficulties was that the Kazak could not eat Russian bread or Russian food in general, being, as I have mentioned, a meat-eating race. As there was no meat to be had, about the only thing they had to live on was a large quantity of musty wheat that I secured. They roasted this, and it became their main article of diet. Typhus and starvation took so many of the men that one never knew how many one would find on the job next morning. Out of a population of around 15,000 about 6,000 died during the last year. Almost as much time and labor were spent digging graves as on the job.

## Bandits Take All

THE DESERT BANDITS also caused a great deal of grief to everybody, for to wander a few miles away from the job was an open invitation to be robbed. They not only stole one's money but also one's clothes. I recall an instance of some young Kazaks who were paid a bonus of a suit of working clothes, new shoes and

ten roubles for fast work. They decided that they had enough worldly goods and ran away. They were gone all one day and the best part of the night. At two o'clock in the morning a truck from the coal trust arrived and the driver woke me up. He had the runaway Kazaks and they were naked. Another habit of the bandits was to hold up the food and mail caravans. They would take the complete caravan, camels and all.

Drinking water had to be found also, for the Lake Balkhash water contained salt, copper and other minerals which made it useless. The only method of getting water was to transport it some sixty miles by a small tank boat. Storms and adverse weather as well as poor boat machinery often delayed it for a week at a time.

The temperature in June, July and August is almost unbearable, running as high as 120 to 124 degrees. It is so hot that the Kazaks themselves cannot stand it. The working hours had to be changed to six in the morning until ten and from four till eight in the afternoon. During the first summer we had some 1,500 horses and 2,000 camels, but when winter came they had to be driven to the nearest railroad and shipped out, for there was no way of getting food for them.

The Russian sense of humor caused several unnecessary delays on the work. The Kazaks were so weak that it was difficult for them to stand, let alone do anything else. One day, on going down to the job, I could not find any workers. They were all out in a field, doing physical exercises. Two teachers had come to town to teach these exercises. When the visitors got through, the poor, weak



Left: Blast furnace. Below: Opening of Stalingrad tractor plant.

Kazaks were so tired they had to take the rest of the day off to rest up.

The opera that the Russians sent down for the entertainment of the Kazaks was poorly received, to say the least. I dare say it was the first opera any of the Kazaks attended and will prove to be the last.

## Wretched Train Service

TRANSPORTATION in Russia is not as comfortable as it might be. I don't mean that all the railroad lines are bad. Those between Moscow and Leningrad, Moscow and Vladivostok, Moscow and Kiev all have international compartment cars and diners. The former compare favorably with the cars in Canada. The diners are nothing to boast about, the food not being especially tasty to a foreigner. When one gets off these main lines the real troubles begin, for it is necessary to carry your own food, bedding, dishes, etc. Can you imagine starting out on a trip that will take from six to nine days with only black bread, sardines, cheese and other foods that you may be able to secure?

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# Child of the Heart

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

MRS. MORTIMER sat down beside her sewing cabinet in the old-fashioned sunny bay window of her room, and began methodically to sort over the clean clothes that were in need of mending. Hickson, the housekeeper, had set the basket beside her at exactly two-thirty, just as she had been doing every Tuesday afternoon for the last twenty years. The routine of the house was so unvaried, especially of late when only Mrs. Mortimer and Mr. Jack lived there, that any of the neighbors might have set their clocks by the movements of Hickson and old Stokes, the butler. Mr. Jack himself, being young, was naturally a somewhat inconstant quantity. But Mrs. Mortimer, though now in her seventies, went about her duties as she had always done.

She still made the strawberry preserves with her own hands every June; still baked the great Christmas fruit cake exactly three weeks before the holidays; still arranged the flowers each morning in the tall silver vases; still mended and put away the freshly ironed clothes; and, except when the weather was too inclement, did her own marketing with shrewdness and dignity, as a lady should.

As to the square brick house itself, there was pervading it throughout a sweet immaculateness that was almost tangible. Young Jack had once voiced the idea when all four boys were still at home.

"You know, mother, your house doesn't smell like anybody else's house. Of course, it can't be the odor of sanctity with Greg and Tom and Will here all barging round in it. But there's something, something good and different—the odor of good housekeeping."

And their mother had accepted the tribute with a modest smile, as any great artist accepts praise of her career.

She sat now in the sunny window, taking small stitches in the lace of a pillow slip, glancing occasionally out over the wide lawn where the grass was turning green again and the tulips were pushing up in their beds. A robin flew from the elm tree to a clump of boxwood and fluted his gay heart out. Mrs. Mortimer smiled and decided she might as well admit the fact. Against all reason and in the very teeth of experience, she was boying again!

This hope in Mrs. Mortimer's breast had been synchronous with what Hickson had called "queer actin'" upon the part of Mr. Jack. When a more or less conservative young man in his thirties suddenly bursts into a rash of florid neckties and extravagant new suits; when he takes to leaping up the stairs and overturning chairs on his way to the telephone; when he alternates days of unusual levity with periods of black depression, there is a reason. Stokes, being a loyal male, suggested apologetically that it might be his liver. Hickson, who was a female and proud of it, gook-pooked the idea as she polished the silver one day.

"You know what's wrong with him as well as I do. It gets 'em all sooner or later and it's got Mr. Jack, and how!"

"Well," she added as she rubbed a candlestick violently, "I only hope she's good enough for him, whoever she is."

MRS. MORTIMER herself had been for some time aware of a change in her son. Having watched three others before him drop, ripe with love, one by one, from the family tree, she knew those earliest and subtle signs discernible only to a mother's eye. And the knowledge stabbed her heart. Jack was very precious to her. She had foolishly fancied, now that he had passed thirty, unmarried, that they would go on living here together, he and she, until such time as she would, of necessity, leave him alone. Now he would be leaving her.

But once having mastered the immediate pain of the thought, the old hope reared its head.

As she sat now in the spring sunshine, she dared to remember how old the hope really was. Nearly fifty years. It had come in her early married days as she had sowed upon tiny garments.

The first time she fought it down. Of course, Gregory would want a son? So she had welcomed little Greg wholeheartedly.

The next one would be a girl. But the next one had been Tom, and then there had come Will and then Jack. Four lusty, loud-voiced, strong-limbed boys. She had loved them passionately, and yet . . . never a doll to dress for the

Christmas tree, never a little ruffled party frock to buy, never soft arms that clung to you even after babyhood was past.

The boys seemed to grow out of their need of her so soon. There was so little she could teach them. While to a daughter she could have bequeathed all that artistry of homemaking which had been born in her blood.

But as the boys grew up she merely moved the hope on to the years ahead. They would marry. She would still have her daughter.

Greg had been the first to announce his engagement. The girl was of a fine old family. True, she had just been in Paris taking a course in architecture at the Sorbonne, which was a little odd, but Mrs. Mortimer innocently thought what a help it would be to Greg to have a wife who could listen intelligently when he talked of his work, since he himself was an architect.

Mrs. Mortimer had been as nervous and excited in those days as a bride herself. She spent long hours preparing a wonderful cook book of all her finest tested recipes. She bought exquisite linens to embroider with her own fingers for the new home. Then she met Grace.

"I'm simply mad about Greg, Mrs. Mortimer. You've made a marvellous job of him. Has he told you we're going to have adjoining offices? Won't that be perfectly swell? I've landed one job already. We're going to live at a hotel. It'll save so much fuss, and I loathe housekeeping."

"But . . ." The woman soul of Mrs. Mortimer looked questioningly at the tall girl before her.

"You see, we've decided not to have children," Grace finished brightly.

Mrs. Mortimer took the blow like the good soldier she was. But something froze within her.

Tom had married next—Marcia Vance, the most popular girl in town. And they had settled in a smart apartment with a Japanese servant.

"Wait is simply divine," Marcia had told her mother-in-law delightedly. "Why, he even does the mending."

Will's choice had been Anne, whose picture had been in all the Sunday supplements as the runner-up in the amateur golf tournament. When she wasn't playing golf she was heading committees. But she managed her home efficiently.



The girl looked into Jack's face as though her eyes could not take their fill.

too; with her left hand, as it were. She was not the sort of person to need either advice or suggestions from anyone.

Mrs. Mortimer had put her precious book of recipes away. She had never embroidered the linens. She had accepted her daughters-in-law and honestly tried to be fond of them. But she was a stranger to them and she knew it. The pattern of their lives was incomprehensible to her. She never referred to any of them as "my daughter." When introducing them she made their relationship definitely clear.

There was no granddaughter. That might have satisfied the deep-seated longing. Marcia and Anne each had one child only, a boy. That was all.

And now Jack was by all the infallible signs in love.

"Well, don't go and be an old fool," Mrs. Mortimer told herself severely. "His wife may be the poorest choice of the lot."

But in her heart the old hope rode high. Jack was more like his dead father than any of the others.

THERE WAS a tap on the door, and Hickson entered discreetly.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Mortimer, but did you order the oysters?"

A faint color crept up into Mrs. Mortimer's wrinkled cheeks. She disliked having Hickson catch her up in an omission. The plain fact of the case was that her memory was beginning to slip. It was at times most annoying. She rose with dignity.

"I shall attend to the matter. The children will all be

here tonight. I've had word from them. Have the flowers come for the table?"

"Yes, ma'am. Everything but the oysters."

Hickson had a way of rubbing salt in the wound.

"There is plenty of time, but I shall call up at once."

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Mortimer crossed to her telephone. Every Tuesday night she entertained the children to dinner. She tried to make an event of it, though she understood only too well that her daughters-in-law felt it a bore and her married sons came only out of a sense of duty.

And yet, because she saw them eat like hungry schoolboys when they came and relax later in the big, quiet drawing-room with some of the middle-aged strain smoothed out of their faces, she held them to it. It was good for them.

She reached now for the phone when suddenly it rang noisily. She took down the receiver and adjusted it to her good ear.

It was Jack's voice that came ringing over the wire.

"Mother! How's your heart? Can you stand a shock? Something marvellous has happened to me! The greatest thing in my life. Mother, I'm going to be married!"

Mrs. Mortimer moistened her lips.

"Oh, Jack, that's wonderful. I'm happy for you, dear. Is she—where does she . . .?"

"I've asked her about fifty times and today at last she said yes. So I had to call you up first thing. I've thought often of giving you a hint, but I decided I'd rather have it a complete surprise when it did come. Aren't you bowled over?"

Mrs. Mortimer's eyes twinkled, but her voice betrayed nothing.

"I'm simply stunned! But so happy for your sake. Have I met her? Is she—?"

"And mother, I want to bring her out tonight to dinner. That all right?"

"Why, of course. The others will all be here. It will be lovely."

"The others? Oh, for Pete's sake, I forgot this was Tribe Night. Well . . . oh, I'll bring her anyway. You'll love her, mother."

"Of course I will. Who is she, Jack? Who are her people?"

There was a barely perceptible pause. Knowing Jack, his mother was sure his chin went up at this moment.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I don't know her people at all. She's living alone."

"Is she a business girl?"

"No, not exactly. She's been with a show. In the chorus. She's not working right now."

"How long have you known her, Jack?"

"Oh, about three months. But one was plenty long for me to know my mind. Well, mother, kill an extra fatted calf or whatever they have when the prodigal brings home his fiancée. We may be late, but we'll try to make it by eight. You're sure you're all right? The shock is not too much for you?"

"Nonsense! Of course, I can't help thinking how I'll ever do without you."

"Maybe you won't have to. The house is big. And I always liked the old dump. I thought maybe we'd just stick around that is, if you are willing."

Mrs. Mortimer gasped.

"Why, why Jack, is she—would she want to?"

"I don't know. I haven't asked her. The big thing has been to get her consent to marry me. We can talk about plans later. Anyway, mother, you're always a brick, you know. Well, dearie, toodle-o."

MRS. MORTIMER leaned back in the chair and put her hand to her heart. There seemed to be a physical hurt in it. A show girl. A chorus girl that he had known three months. This, for Jack!

She sat stonily still for a long time, then she gathered herself together. The old hope, laid low so many times, was actually rearing its head again. The chorus didn't

"I saw her stick something down the front of her dress . . . Your pearls are gone!"

mean now what it had meant in her day. Some of the most charming girls, of excellent families, she had heard, now went on the stage. And suppose this girl was all she could wish for and would actually be willing to come and live with her . . . Well, the thought was too blissful to be true, of course.

At four Hickson returned. "The oysters have not come yet, ma'am."

Mrs. Mortimer jumped. The oysters had once more clean slipped from her memory.

"I've decided not to leave the oysters, Hickson. I shall have caviare campagné instead, and I'm going down now to prepare them myself."

When she had finished putting the last skilful touches to her creations, she spoke to Stokes:

"You may lay the table for nine tonight instead of eight. Mr. Jack is bringing a guest."

When she had left the kitchen, Hickson winked at Stokes. "What'd I tell you? That'll be for her bringing."

Stokes sighed, as though at the inevitable enslavement of the male.

"Well, all I say is, Mr. Jack's my choice of the lot, and if it's done 'is pickin', I 'opes it's picked a winner."

"You and me both," added Hickson.

That night Mrs. Mortimer put on her best dress. It had been made by the same seamstress who had once had dealings with whalebones and dust ruffles, but it had distinction none the less. The lace at the throat and sleeves was real and ivoryed with age. And the folds of the silk draped her slender figure with regality. She gave a last little fluff to her white hair, held in place by means of archaic side combs, turned away from her bureau, and then paused in the middle of the room. Should she have worn her pearls to do honor to the occasion?

No, she decided not. There was too much uncertainty about it all. There was too much fear in her heart to allow her to place the ultimate sign and seal of a celebration upon the evening. Her wearing the necklace would do that.

As she went on toward the door a thought of the pearls followed her. They had been the gift of Gregory, her husband. A beautifully matched and valuable string. She loved them more than any other material possession and she had meant them for the daughter she had never had.

"Oh, well," she thought as she went on down the stairs, "when I'm dead the boys can do what they like with them. But I'll never will them to one of their wives, never!"

THE CHILDREN were prompt. Greg and Grace came first. Grace was tired from a long day in her office and was inclined to be irritable. She had grown thinner and hardened through the years. Mrs. Mortimer thought, Greg's eyes were unattracted. His mother put him in the big low chair he liked, and made Grace lie down a moment on the sofa beside the fire. Mrs. Mortimer knew just the right cushions to fit beneath their heads and which light sent no glare into their eyes.

"It is always so restful here, mother," Greg said.

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Illustrated by W. V. Chambers





# NORMA SHEARER

By KATHERINE ALBERT

THERE ARE many curious annals in motion picture history. In Hollywood, the maddest town in the world, are life records almost too bizarre for belief, for the city seems to breed the fantastic, and its citizens take delight in repeating, with proper dramatic emphasis, the data at hand.

One of the favorite stories concerns a Swedish peasant girl who was given a small contract with a large studio simply because the executives wanted the talents of a director, one Maurice Stiller, who would not come to America without a certain young actress he had discovered, named Greta Garbo. Unwanted, she lived to see the day when she held the financial destiny of that studio in her hand.

There is another story about a young man—soldier of fortune, son of an itinerant actress, one-time rubber salesman, film extra, unsuccessful scenario writer—who rose to the greatest romantic heights any actor has ever scaled and, at the peak of his career, failed overnight when his voice was found wanting by a device called a microphone. His name is John Gilbert.

Then there is the stage star who went to Hollywood with more pride than money and, in spite of her fame, was unable to secure a contract until Emil Jannings saw an obscure "test" of her and cried, "I like her face." They said—for this was before the sound film had brought an onrush of legitimate actors to Hollywood—that she was too old for movie success. But Ruth Chatterton became one of the first ladies of the cinema.

In Hollywood a chorus girl may be a nobody one week and have her name emblazoned in electric lights the next. The most obscure camera man may find himself a director. And buttonhole makers may become executives.

All these things can, and do, happen in Hollywood. Therefore the story of Norma Shearer is often overlooked, since it does not fit into the colorful, coincidental pattern of the cinema city. It is a cosy yarn about a girl who, with no apparent talents, made a slow, steady climb to her present position. Norma Shearer had no immediate, breath-taking

triumphs, no freakish strokes of luck, no short cuts to fame. Her story would be the perfect Cinderella plot except for the fact that our heroine has more than a small foot. She has brains, driving force and courage.

## Westmount, Her Birthplace

WHERE she got these qualities it is difficult to know, since her background and childhood were average enough. Born in Westmount, on the Island of Montreal, at 507 Grosvenor Avenue, an average two-story stone house, she was one of three children in the Andrew Shearer family. There was another daughter, Athole, and a son, Douglas. Her mother was a Miss Edith Fisher, whose family activities are evidenced by landmarks standing in the Humber valley, just outside Toronto; and somewhere in her line was Rev. H. C. Cooper, who was one of the pioneer preachers of the same district as early as 1818. Although the family was not wealthy, they had enough comforts. Norma and Athole went through Westmount High School and spent their holidays at the old Fisher home, "Millwood," on the Humber River, or at the Cooper rectory at Islington, near by.

Norma had no especial interest in theatrical work, no childhood ambitions for cinema fame. She was, in fact, quite content to be the pretty daughter of Andrew Shearer, merchant, until it became important for her to earn her living. Post-war depression took a gloomy accounting of her father's business, and Norma, for the first time in her life, realized that she could not laugh and dance her days away.

Perhaps it was the pioneer blood on the Fisher side of

the family that prompted her to make the startling declaration one night in the family circle that she intended to go to New York and "become a movie star." It seemed easy enough. Had she not read stories of immediate film success in the motion picture magazines? Didn't she know that many an inexperienced girl had been "discovered" as she sat toying with an ice and *demi-tasse* in a smart restaurant?

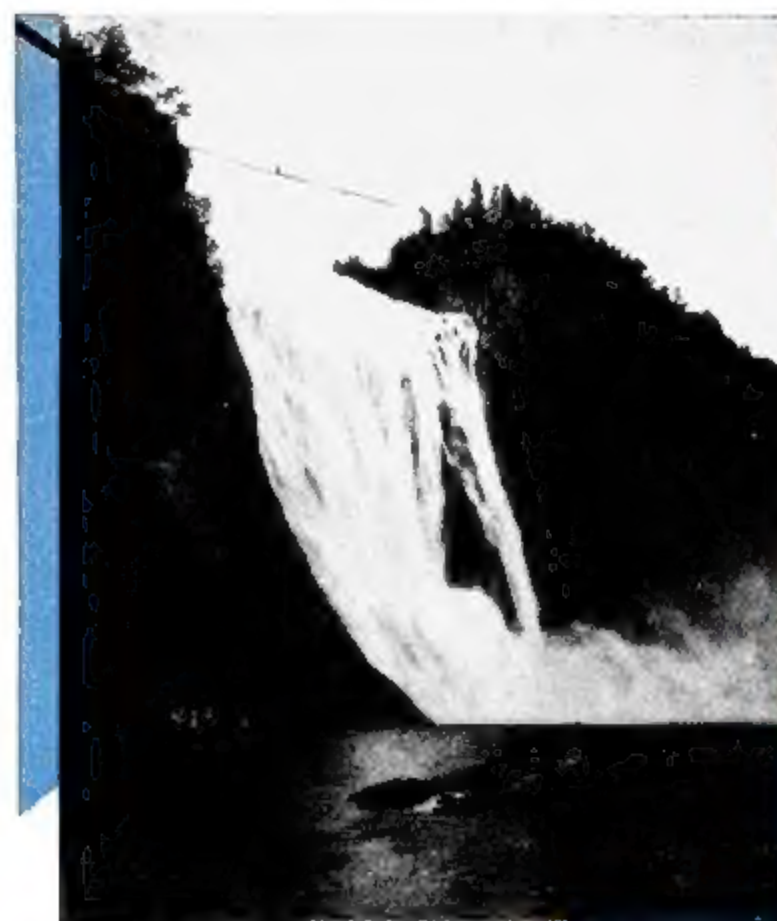
Hollywood was her first thought, but Hollywood was far away and money was scarce. Besides, at that time, there was plenty of picture activity in New York, which was much more accessible. Her father managed to get together the funds to finance the trip. Three one-way tickets were bought for herself, her mother and her sister, Athole, who would also "become a movie star."

Imagine them arriving in New York without friends, without influence, without any knowledge of theatrical life, and with just enough money to see them through a month. Perhaps, had they known more about the demands of the cinema they would not have come at all, for, although Norma gives the illusion of great beauty, the searching eye of the camera finds that her face is far from perfect. Her eyes are fairly small; at that time her teeth were not straight in front. Her greatest loveliness lay in the delicate texture of her skin and the pastel subtlety of her coloring. But these are waste products when film beauty is summed up.

Norma was soon to be told of her handicaps. Very early in her career D. W. Griffith, then the most noted director of them all, looked at her, shook his head and said, "No, no, my dear. Go back home. Your blue eyes will never photograph."

When day after day the round of "film talent" agencies brought her and Athole nothing but persistent "no's" and repeated explanations that there was absolutely no chance for untried and inexperienced girls, the two less courageous of the trio—her mother and Athole—were ready to go back home while they still had money to get there. But Norma refused to give up.

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# WIRE WONDER

By PERCY T. COLE

THE TIME is a hot summer's day in July of 1896. The place is Niagara Falls, just a stone's throw from the Whirlpool Rapids. The Suspension Bridge and the embankments of the Niagara Gorge are lined with thrill-seeking men and women. Fifteen thousand pairs of eyes are trained on that one focal point—the figure of a youth slowly making his way across the awful chasm on a thin strand of wire.

For many of the women, the excitement, the heat of the day and their Victorian clothes prove too much. They faint, and their escorts, some grumbling audibly and all casting backward glances as though loath to miss a single footstep, assist their ladies away.

But when a great shout goes up that momentarily drowns out the roar of the mighty falls the ladies are forgotten, and even those males who have been cheated of their chance to see the gorge conquered in its last detail join in with their cheers.

On the American side, a proud father beams and slaps his twenty-one year old son on the back with a "Good boy, Jimmy!"—although he disapproves of all this wire-walking business and hopes the lad will have had enough of thrills and be ready now to settle down to the tailoring business where he belongs.

But "Jimmy" is far from thrill satiated. Niagara is only a beginning, though he doesn't know it at the time. The Genesee Gorge at Rochester, N.Y., Montmorency Falls in Quebec, and thousands of other locales both in America and Europe are to see him and thrill at his sure-footed, death-defying performances. For James E. Hardy of Toronto—"The American Blondin," as he was to become known the world over, was just setting out on a career which was to make him famous throughout two continents.

Today, the youth who startled thousands at Niagara and the Genesee Gorge thirty odd years ago, still follows the only profession he knows—wire walking. He's a grandfather now, crowding sixty, but he'd put to shame plenty of men forty years younger when it comes to athletic feats. He was the youngest man ever to walk Niagara, and he wants to be the oldest.

"Sure, I could do it again," he

declared vigorously when questioned recently in his modest little Toronto home. "Why not? Age hasn't anything to do with it. I've always taken care of myself, and while the old muscles may not be as limber as they were thirty years ago, I've learned plenty about staying on a wire since then. I may pull off another crossing before I die. But the Canadian authorities are pretty tough. They won't give permission for a cable to be stretched across the gorge. Fox Films offered me a contract to do the job three years ago and we had everything fixed to go ahead, but the Canadians wouldn't allow it. If we can get their sanction I'll do it again, and I won't fall off either."

## Crossing Niagara Falls

JIMMY HARDY learned his trade in the school of hard knocks. Born in Toronto, to which place his family came after losing their business and all their possessions in the Great Chicago Fire, he joined the West End Y. M. C. A., mainly for the opportunity it would give him to become a trapeze artist. At eighteen, he had become sufficiently adept to join a circus troupe known as the Laverne Family, and he travelled through the United States and Canada with the John Robinson Circus, the Frank R. Spellman and the Herbert Kline shows.

"That was a tough life," he reminisces.

"Circus life in those days wasn't just a case of giving your performance every afternoon and evening. As soon as the show was over, we had to turn to and help get the apparatus away, the tents down and everything packed for the trip to the next town."

"I got my fill of the aerial circus stuff right here in Toronto. While I was still with the Laverne's the catcher in the flying act misjudged the distance, missed me, and I went right on through to the ground. I hit so hard it drove my upper teeth through my lower lip and I broke my arm in two places. When I got patched up I decided to put on my own act and not depend on anyone else to put it over. That's when I began to specialize in the wire-walking."

"In 1893 I went to the Chicago World's Fair. I put on a pretty fair act, I thought, across the Royal



James E. Hardy, as he is today.



Above: "Jimmy" Hardy crossing the Niagara gorge. Top left: On the tight-rope above Montmorency Falls, 1903. Upper right: "Jimmy" in action.

Court, near the Electric Fountain I wanted to walk Niagara then, but my dear old dad wouldn't let me. I wasn't twenty-one and not my own boss yet. I became twenty-one in February, 1896, and in July of that year I was ready for the Niagara crossing.

"Blondin was the first to cross. He did it on a ship's hawser about an inch and a half thick, in 1859. Then there was a woman, Maria Spelterina, who crossed in 1876; and Harry Leslie had done it in 1895. Steve Peere, whose brother is still living, so far as I know, at Niagara Falls, made one crossing, but he was found dead in the gorge a few days afterward. John Dixon, a Toronto photographer, Cliff Calverley and myself were the only others I know of

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never bathed since her marriage. Sea water was different and at Margate she went in regular twice a day, but fresh water gave her cramps, which she fancied ran in the family.

Most of the others went in, even old Jonathan himself, who insisted they make a ring and dance around it. And Miss Wilson found herself next to Mr. Colton, and Marian next to Geoffrey, clapping to each other's hands tightly as they circled, splashing, splashing. Tardiff said he was no swimmer, but he took off his shoes and socks and paddled his feet and Mrs. Tardiff, watching them all, said it made her feel homesick at it.

To be in the sun was an utter luxury, and the far cry of children's voices and the near lapping of the waves, and an occasional movement of wind in the trees above the bluff made one almost dizzy off deliciously, nothing else mattering.

WHEN THEY were dressed, Marian and Geoffrey walked again, exploring the bluff, climbing to the top and discovering on a pine-clad knoll a wooden cottage slightly dilapidated but of good lines. It was for rent. The key, so the sign declared, might be had next door.

Marian wanted above all things to see inside. But she did not even glance at Geoffrey. She started to go.

He said: "Let's have a look in it. Shall we?" "Of course."

Once inside, one could see the possibilities. She forgot any reservation running here and there, exclaiming: "Just look at this! There could be a built-in seat in that bow window, and the view, Geoffrey, the view!"

"The whole place wants doing over," he said. He added: "I've sometimes wanted to have a go at fixing up an old place. I'm not unhappy that way. One could fix it up easily, too."

"To sell?" She caught the words back from her tongue.

Voices from outside reached them.

"Why it's open."

"Shall we," said Mr. Colton, "shall we step inside and observe?"

Marian went to the head of the stairs.

"Yes, yes!" she called. "He'll be here. We're up here. Come on up. Isn't it a ducky place?"

They came on up. Miss Wilson made ecstatic little chuckles. Marian, with a sudden sense that only Miss Wilson of all of them there mattered, began to talk her around and share the possibilities. The two men sat looking.

There's only one thing," said Miss Wilson. "Wouldn't it be just a little lonely— evenings?"

"Lonely?"

Marian was seeing night coming over the lake, the present brilliance subdued, the evening came, the slow payment of sunset, the dusk enveloped waters, the lights lit here in the house and out on the darkening porch, screened against insects, herself and Geoffrey.

"I'm a one for bright lights," said Miss Wilson. "I do love plenty of bright lights."

They returned from their round of inspection. The men were still talking. Mr. Colton had lit up a pipe, and was an amazing sort of pipe, big and downy, the gift of his lodge, and stood big and quite sure of himself, like a man of the world, and down the aw-

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cheerful, and every once in so often a drift of smoke came, pleasantly aromatic, to one's nostrils, and the sense unlocked a score of memories. Mrs. Jamieson came up with more sticks for the blaze, and Mrs. Tardiff said that, of course, fires on the beach at Margate weren't allowed but they often carried bits of wood up to the boarding house, and Mrs. Bibbs—she remembered the name now, or was it Hubber?—was that pleased. She said as a girl she had been taught to pick up things that might be useful.

Old Jonathan, seated on a projection of rock, coughed and they gave him attention.

"I'm not," he said, by way of being a speaker, but there are one or two things I'd like to say while we're all here. I think we may fairly say that our—our picnic has been a success."

Little noises of assent ran around. Mrs. Tardiff spoke up to say she thought there ought to be three cheers and if Tardiff wasn't man enough to propose it, she—but old Jonathan waved that aside and went on.

"Now we must get down to business. We're all, may I remind you, out of jobs? In a few minutes now the store in

"I'm probably an old fool, but I still believe I'm not too old to learn new tricks." He swung suddenly back on the group. "I've got openings," he said, for a few kindred souls. If Mr. Purvis here can feel when customers come to him for guidance and he shows 'em round, that he's got a more important job than a guide in Westminster Abbey, I want him on the staff. There's The Poets' Corner there, you know. I've stood and looked at the cold stones and felt moved. But Purvis, we've got something better. We've got the men themselves, still speaking in the printed lines.

If Miss Wilson can see in her circulating library something more than so many books out and so many in at two cents per dozen, if she can see all the people of the district who pass our doors or come in to us as people starving for some of the things we've had today—beauty, companionship, jollity, recreation—and who can find some satisfaction in the books they can take out, then two cents a day won't be the primary thing and I shall want Miss Wilson in her accustomed place under the mezzanine.

His eyes went round the circle.

"If you, Mrs. Jamieson, can see yourself not as a saleswoman promoting a business but rather as a liaison officer between women's clubs, and girls' institutes and the rest of 'em, ready to facilitate the hurrying up of ammunition in their fight against ignorance and apathy and intolerance, I shall be glad to have your application for that position."

If Geoffrey Henderson can, even occasionally in the midst of his days, take some harassed business man aside and show him that perhaps what he needs isn't two seats in the bald-headed row of fiction but a return visit down the rabbit hole into Wonderland with Alice—that, in fact, he needs to get out and skip stones and build sand castles and light fires of driftwood—then Geoffrey, I should like to see you coming in at eight-thirty every morning."

Old Jonathan halted, let his eyes wander again, then went on.

"And you, Colton—I should want in the new business an accountant who can see behind the figures. If you can really feel that important as it is to keep using black ink rather than red, you're just the treasury department of an enterprise in human service, then your desk and your ledger and your pen are waiting for you."

And—er—Tardiff, we shall need somebody to sweep us out and keep us spick and span, and open and close us at the proper hours and supervise deliveries. If you think you could feel that to open the doors of a bookshop in the morning is not a duty but an adventure, we'd like you to join the honorable company of fools." He paused. I think that's all," he said.

MARIAN FELT her world suddenly stand still. She had been forgotten. The hurt was unbearable.

Mr. Davis, she said, "You—you overlooked me."

Old Jonathan met her glance.

"No," he said. "I didn't, my dear. I don't think the others will mind if I say what I do now. I think, my dear, you're the only one who's really seen this right along. Your election to office is *ipso facto*."

He got up.

We should be going," he said. "It'll be getting chilly soon. Tardiff will perhaps help Mr. Purvis make sure the fire is properly out. I'll see you all, then, tomorrow at the usual time? You won't mind, I hope, finding your own ways home. You can catch a bus or street car."

Presently the sound of the motor came to the picnicers. It died away. The beach was empty except for themselves. No children remained now, they had been called in for supper. A violet light was on the waters, edging up to a lemon-colored sky. Mr. Purvis said he'd walk up as far as the car with Mrs. Jamieson. Tardiff said if he could ever get his missus hoisted up the bank they'd move along, too. Geoffrey lent a hand in the enterprise. Mrs. Tardiff stood on the top waving to them, shouting that if ever they wanted that address at Margate, to be sure and let her know. Little Miss Wilson said she must be going, but of course it was hard to leave the beach at such a lovely time of early evening. Mr. Colton said he shouldn't be surprised if he'd just walk along a bit by the water and strike up to the car line farther on, and of course if Miss Wilson cared to go that way.

Marian and Geoffrey were left alone by the sanded-over fire. He was still silent, absorbed. Well?" she said almost timidly.

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## A Forward Step

THE CAMPAIGN for the control of the private manufacture of armaments, started by you two years ago when you published "Salesmen of Death," by Colonel Drew, has borne fruit. The Women's League of Nations Association, Toronto, published it and "Enemies of Peace," in pamphlet form, and sent them out with a request that the readers should pass a resolution to be sent to the Premier and Leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. It had the co-operation of The League of Nations Society, Toronto, Churches' National Executives, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the I. O. D. E., the National Council of Women, the Provincial Educational Associations, and many other bodies.

The Canadian Government, in response to the many resolutions forwarded, instructed Mr. Riddell, its representative at Geneva, to urge "that preparations of regulations dealing with the private manufacture of arms be proceeded with at once; that certain principles in the 1931 Narcotics Convention be studied for this purpose, and that any regulations concurred in should apply equally to private and State manufacture."

This is just a beginning. The efforts of the Women's League of Nations Association for a wide dissemination of the facts, through the sale of pamphlets, should go on. The co-operation of everyone interested in the abolition of war is sought. Mrs. H. M. Luckley, 37 Elmsthorpe Avenue, Toronto, is Literature Convener.

With congratulations for the outcome of your initiative in starting the issue, which has now become world-wide.

Alice A. Chown, Toronto,  
President, Women's League of Nations  
Association of Toronto.

which we all employed our daylight hours will close. It will not reopen.

Mr. Colton's jaw dropped. Miss Wilson gave a little repressed cry. Tardiff pulled at his mustache. Mrs. Jamieson sat up, then relaxed again and looked out across the lake. Marian glanced quickly at Geoffrey. He was poking with a little stick into the sand. Then he tossed the stick into the fire.

"It will not reopen," said old Jonathan deliberately "on the old basis. There'll be carry over, all that was solid and fine in the old will be preserved. But it will be new otherwise, the new business won't demand of anyone supersalesmanship. It'll be much simpler and harder than that. If there are empty cisterns and our pipes are well laid and our reservoir high enough, then well water'll find its own level. The new business," said Jonathan Davis, "won't primarily be built on the old foundations of profit percentages or annual turnover. Those things will have to look after themselves."

He paused. In the silence the fire crackled, the colors over the lake deepened. He put out a hand in an inclusive gesture.



Photos by Ontario Motion Picture Bureau

After the smash.

# MOTOR MURDER

By VICTOR LAURISTON

A SUBOFFICIAL of the Motor League called on me a few months ago. He is a nice chap. I like him. Most motorists are nice chaps. I like them all.

This man invited me to fill out a ballot. Did I want the speed limit of thirty-five miles an hour increased? Or wiped out altogether? Or as a casual afterthought—did I want it retained?

My friend was so easy in his mind about me, I decided to break the bad news gently. I'm afraid I can't help you much.

Quite nonchalantly he remarked that one motorist working for a "no speed limit" law couldn't get very far, but that by all pulling together.

I finished breaking the bad news by marking an emphatic "yes" on the retention of the thirty-five mile speed limit.

"Who observes the speed limit anyway?" he challenged. Can you name one motorist who does?"

To which I countered:

"I do."

I am, in fact, a charter member of the Canadian Speed Limit Club. The Club, whose entire membership is pledged to drive within the legal speed limit, has been in existence since the fall of 1929, when I tried to pass a slow-moving truck and had to take to the ditch to avoid a collision with a fifty-five miles an hour motorist coming wildly from the opposite direction.

So far, the Canadian Speed Limit Club has only one member, but for my purposes that is sufficient.

"Well, you're an exception," my friend grudgingly conceded.

## The Tale the Figures Tell

IN THE last fifteen years, motor fatalities in the United States have totalled some 325,000. In all Canada there were, in 1930, some 1,297 deaths due to motor accidents. And, despite reduced tourist traffic and the widespread incantation of Safety First ideas, in 1931 the total crept up to 1,307.

At the moment of writing, figures for 1932 are fragmentary. In Ontario, fatal accidents declined from 571 to 507, which was encouraging, but non-fatal accidents went up from 6,582 to 8,241, a fact that while all driving had decreased, carless driving continued to increase, showing considerable disproportion.

In British Columbia, registrations of motor vehicles dropped from 96,498 to 89,658, with an encouraging drop in accidents from 4,353 to 3,144, while fatal accidents decreased from ninety-two to seventy-eight, a good showing. Nova Scotia, where registrations declined from 43,758 to 41,013, showed a drop in accidents from 1,268 to 1,214 with fatal accidents unchanged at forty-eight.

On the other hand, Quebec showed a decided upturn in its traffic toll. Accidents increased from 4,481 in 1931 to 7,538 in 1932, and deaths from 774 to 1,020. Prince Edward Island, where registrations dropped from 7,740 to 6,550, accidents increased from 115 to 100, fatalities, however, dropped from five to one.

Sufficient unto the year are the statistics. They make plain that, in spite of widespread and diligent preachments on the subject of Care, Courtesy and Common Sense, in spite of financial conditions that have eliminated a lot of cars from our highways in spite of loud threats and gentle pats on the wrist from law-enforcement authorities, we have not yet struck at the root of the evil.

Why do motor accidents continue?

The answer is: "Because a lot of people concerned do not really try to stop them." The fault doesn't lie with motorists as motorists. It lies with motorists as human beings. It is often stated that gripping the wheel of a high-powered car seems to change and reveal a man's nature. But is this so? Or does the fault rather lie in the fact that human nature still clinging to the mental attitudes and prejudices of the horse and buggy era, instinctively shuts its eyes to the menace of the high-powered car?

For instance, take the most tragic type of motor accidents—those affecting children in the streets. A motorist drives along a residential street between two rows of parked cars. As a rule, he drives slowly because he realizes the danger to his age and is on his guard. Sometimes he drives fast.

Continued on page 33

Careless left turns, a sure cause of trouble.



The other four came in a body in Tom's new car. Marcia as usual nervously animated, and Anne detached and superior. Their husbands looked just what they were: well-bred, prosperous young men, half disillusioned, half philopshic. They took possession now of the familiar room and the women, seating themselves, lighted cigarettes.

Then Mrs. Mortimer broke the news.

"Jack called up today to tell me he is engaged to be married. He is bringing his fiancée out tonight to dinner, and of course we'll all make her welcome."

There was a storm of excited comment.

"Jack! Engaged! The old clam! Who is she? Why, there hasn't been a breath about it! I didn't know he was."

"Jack! Well, this is news!"

Then Will's voice with its judicial flavor.

"Well, I for one am glad to hear Jack is going to settle down. I've seen him several times lately in town with a slightly looking little piece, chorus-girl type—not Jack's style at all—so I'm glad he's safely out of that."

There was the sound of voices in the hallway. Jack and his fiancée had come. Mrs. Mortimer rose and went out to meet them with something in her breast that felt like a lump of ice.

It was Jack she saw first. Jack, the tallest, the handsomest of her sons. There was something about his eyes now that brought a catch to her throat. It was her own Gregory as a lover that she suddenly saw in him—determined, implacably faithful, incredibly tender.

"Mother, this is Fay." His voice throbbed with his joy.

Then she saw the girl and the words of greeting congealed upon her lips. The worst she had feared had not been as bad as the reality. From the top of her shabby pert hat to the tips of her baby vamped, high-heeled, cheap-colored shoes, the girl was a counterpart of those sort-of little ghosts of the theatre—a leys that Mrs. Mortimer had seen sometimes flitting by as belonging to another world.

Jack's voice, a bit too eager, came again.

"I wanted you and Fay to meet right away, mother. That's why I begged her to come out tonight."

MRS. MORTIMER swallowed hard. She was a lady born. The instinctive habit of years saved her now. She did the gracious thing. She held out her hands to the girl.

"I'm so glad to see you, dear. Jack only told me today. Won't you come up to my room and leave your coat and hat?"

She had a fleeting picture of Stopes, standing with grim, astounded eyes in the hall, as she turned to lead the way upstairs.

Jack was still irrepressibly jubilant as he followed them.

"Don't be too long primping up. I'm starved. I'll be ready in a second. Rest of the tribe all here—mother!"

They're all here," she answered heavily. Then she opened her door and ushered the girl in.

The soft lights fell on the heavy old pieces of mahogany, the crisp dimity ruffle on the four-poster bed, the bright crease of the couch and easy chairs, the rose silk of the coverlet. The girl stood in the centre of the room, seeing everything and saying nothing.

Divested of her hat and coat, she looked even more cheap than she had with them on. Her hair was golden and Mrs. Mortimer had to admit its bona fide beauty, but it was arranged in a mass of bizarre-looking curls. Her make-up was overdone, and her dress was a gaudy ruffled red affair without even freshness to save it from ultimate poor taste.

Mrs. Mortimer talked on with mechanical politeness. Against the girl's silence and her quick, furtive eyes, Mrs. Mortimer's discomfort grew acute.

"You'll find everything on my dresser, I think," she heard herself say. "Powder in that bowl and hairpins here. This is a fresh comb."

The girl had moved over to the heavy, old-fashioned bureau. She stood for a moment soberly facing herself in the large mirror. Then she looked down intently at the polished silver toilet articles, the shining capped bottles and boxes, all matching with their etched monograms.

"This is the photograph of my husband, Jack's father," Mrs. Mortimer said nervously, indicating the picture at one end of the dresser. "and these were my babies," she added, touching a row of exquisitely colored miniatures.

For the first time the girl spoke.

"What is this?" she asked as she leaned nearer.

"The last son to the left," Mrs. Mortimer said with a catch in her throat. "He was the prettiest baby I had."

The girl straightened, gave her dress a little shrug, touched her hair carelessly and turned around.

"I guess I'm ready now," she said.

Mrs. Mortimer saw her eyes, raised swiftly for the first time. They were a startlingly beautiful violet, with dark lashes.

But how could Jack have been caught merely by gold hair and a pair of large eyes? Jack at his age, and with his innate meanness? Mrs. Mortimer felt sick at heart and very old as she started with the girl down the stairs. Jack was waiting for them at the foot, smug up at them with his father's eyes. He reached a hand to each of them.

"Now, let's get the introductions over so we can eat

## Child of the Heart

Continued from page 15

Neither Fay nor I had any lunch to speak of. We were busy over more important matters, weren't we, sweetheart?"

MRS. MORTIMER winced at the look in his eyes.

They entered the drawing-room, Jack still holding the girl's hand in his own. If she had looked shoddy in the room upstairs she looked doubly so here. The other girls, with their elegantly simple clothes, their careful grooming and their easy grace, seemed suddenly to Mrs. Mortimer paragons of womanhood as she measured them beside the stranger. A moment of paralyzed silence greeted their entrance. Every eye was fixed in a stare of amazement at the newcomer. Then Mrs. Mortimer heard herself and Jack giving names in the usual fashion, and the other boys making mechanical responses. The voices of the daughters-in-law came like thin ice.

They went to the dining room in a chilly silence. Mrs. Mortimer placed the girl at her right and Jack at her left. Stopes, his eyes darkly disapproving, began to serve the dinner.

With each course the air grew more charged with discomfort. Jack's cheerful sallies died before they reached the other end of the table. His every attempt to include Fay in the family consciousness failed. The girls ignored her completely. The other men looked at her frequently, but the appraisal in their eyes had a deep masculine question behind it.

Mrs. Mortimer did her best for Jack's sake. But the girl at her side answered mostly in monosyllables. She was evidently confused by the array of silver at her plate. She blundered in her choice of forks. She watched covertly to see what the others were using. As the meal progressed her attitude changed from a nervous embarrassment to something that if possible became her less—a nonchalant bravado.

As they went to the drawing-room for coffee Jack spoke in his mother's ear.

"Damn those girls! Can't they limber up a little? They're a bunch of pie-faced snobs and I'll tell them so."

Mrs. Mortimer could find no words to answer, though her heart ached for him in the whole unspeakable business.

Fay drank her coffee quickly and then, after glancing cautiously toward the doorway, said in a low tone to Mrs. Mortimer:

"I'm going to get a handkerchief I left in my purse."

Jack overheard and sprang to his feet.

"Can't I get it for you, Fay?"

She had risen, too, and stood looking at him. Something in the line of her raised head, Mrs. Mortimer noted, was singularly beautiful.

The others had stopped talking and were watching the two as though they were figures on the screen. The girl looked into Jack's face as though her eyes could not take their fill, then she touched his hand gently with hers.

"No, thanks, I'll get it myself."

She turned quickly and left the room, and the heavy velvet curtains dropped behind her.

Mrs. Mortimer felt the tenseness oppressively. The air was still charged. She wanted to spare them all from an outbreak. She began hurriedly to talk of an extraneous matter, her lips stiff on the words but her will determined.

It was perhaps ten minutes later that Hickson appeared in the dining room doorway and caught her eye.

"Could I speak with you and Mr. Jack out here at once, madam? It's important."

Jack put out his cigarette leniently.

"What's up, Hickson? Has Maurice scratched the table boards again?"

Hickson led them to the seclusion of the butler's pantry. Under the light there they saw that her face was white and her hands were nervously gripping her apron.

"I hate to tell you, but I have to. It's terrible, but you may need to—to act in a hurry. I've told Stopes to keep a watch-out till you'd say what to do. Mr. Jack, it's awful on you, bringing her here and all, but—"

JACK CAUGHT her arm roughly.

"What are you talking about, Hickson? Tell us at once."

"I'm trying to. I went up to my room for a minute, before I began on the dishes. I was down again at the turn in the upper hall when I saw her—that girl you know—come up the stairs and then begin soft like to try the doors."

"What do you mean?" Jack asked sharply.

"She looked into the rooms and then she went into the linen closet and staved a while. It was then I got suspicious." Hickson was breathing hard.

"She went next into Mrs. Mortimer's room. I slipped along and looked through the crack of the door. She acted scared, and stopped every little while to look around and listen. Then she opened the upper dresser drawer."

"That's a lie," Jack flamed out.

But his mother put her hand on his arm. They both knew

that Hickson's word was as good as their own.

"When I saw her opening the drawer and looking in, I stepped round to the door opening, and just as I did so I saw her stick something down the front of her dress. I went round through your dressing room, Mrs. Mortimer. She had left the bedroom then. She didn't see me. But I went right to your drawer to look, and your pearls are gone!"

Mrs. Mortimer's lips were white. "My—my pearls!"

"Listen!" Jack burst out, "this is outrageous! Hickson, how dare you make such an accusation! If you hadn't been prying around where you'd no business, this ridiculous mistake would never have been made. Mother, I'll get Fay and she will explain everything."

"But the pearls are gone, ma'am. Their box is empty," Hickson repeated.

Jack had brushed past them, but Mrs. Mortimer followed him to the drawing-room. She was trying to overcome a faintness that threatened to master her. A thief! A common little thief and Jack had almost—Even the loss of the pearls was small if it bought Jack's freedom. But the shame and the ache of it for him now!

"Where is Fay?" he was saying now, as the rest looked up surprised. "Hasn't she come downstairs yet?"

Will sauntered in from the hallway in time to hear

"Why she's just left the house," he said. "I went across to the library for a book, and I saw her go out the front door. She had her hat and coat on and she seemed to be in an awful hurry. I thought it was queer."

It was Hickson's scream that brought them all to their feet.

"The pearls! Your mother's pearls! She's got them!"

Through the babel of outcry Will spoke truculently.

"I knew as soon as I saw that girl that she was a fly-by-nighter. How in thunder, Jack, did you get caught with—?"

And then Jack's voice like a dangerous sword-edge.

"Will, you please remember you are speaking of the girl I intend to marry! I'll go after her, mother. She will explain everything..."

He started for the hall, his face ashen.

But someone had been quicker than he. There was the sound of footsteps and the door opening. Stopes entered with a grim light in his eyes. His manners were impeccable as usual, but it was apparent, as he released his grip upon the arm of the girl beside him, that she had had no choice about returning.

"Ere's the young lady, sir. I knew you wouldn't wish her to go home alone, sir."

THE GIRL glanced piteously around the group. There was sheer panic in her eyes. Jack crossed to her and put his arm quickly about her. They were all waiting for the denouement. There was no possible avoidance of the issue. Jack's chin went up. His face twisted in a brave attempt at a laugh.

"Darling," he said, "there's been a perfectly absurd mistake. This old fool of a Hickson here thought she saw you take something from my mother's dresser. Please tell them all that she was crazy, and then I'll take you home. I know you're tired."

The girl's eyes fell and the hot color flooded her face.

"She—she was right," she said very low.

"Didn't I tell you?" Hickson snarled.

"Well, you shut up," Jack said savagely. Then he turned to his mother. They could all see his arm tighten about the girl.

"Mother, this is a matter that concerns only you and Fay and myself. Can't we go up to your room to talk it over?"

"Of course," Mrs. Mortimer answered and turned to the stairs, supporting herself heavily by the railing. This, this to happen in her home, before the servants, before all the daughters-in-law! This to happen to Jack!

Once in the softly lighted bedroom the three stood silent. Then Jack cupped the girl's face in his hands.

"Look at me, dearest," he said.

Slowly the girl obeyed. A stab went through Mrs. Mortimer's heart at the beauty of the eyes she raised.

"Nothing you have done," Jack was saying steadily, "nothing you could ever do, would alter my love for you. Tell me you believe that."

The girl's eyes overflowed.

"I believe you," she whispered.

"Then," Jack went on gently, "maybe you will tell us."

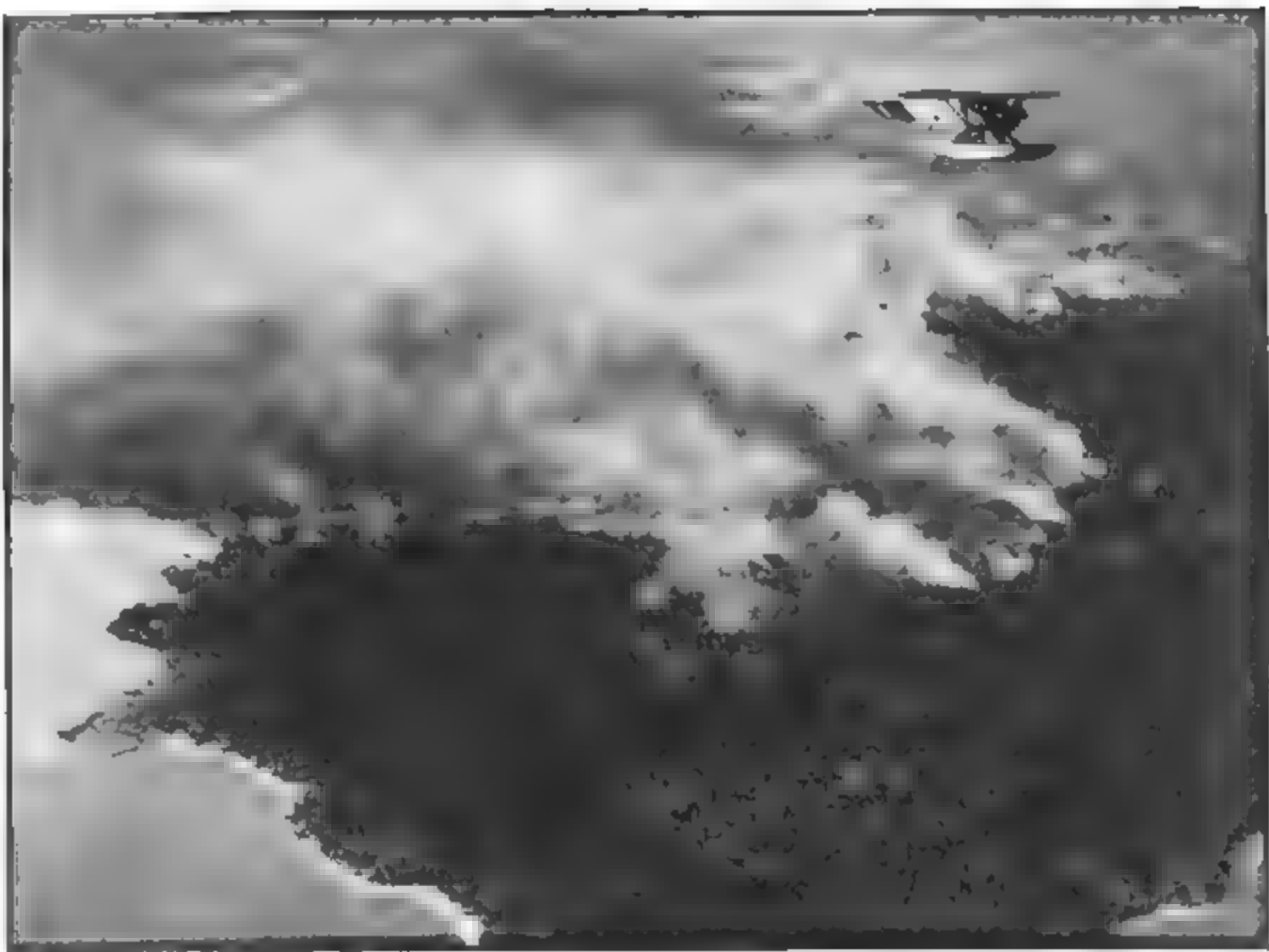
The girl stepped back a little from him.

"I thought I could get to the street without anyone seeing me, or I wouldn't have tried it. But don't you see, there was nothing else for me to do than to run away when I—"

"No," said Jack, "nothing in the world should have made you run away from me."

"But it was you I had to run from, after I—... Don't you understand, Mrs. Mortimer? I never knew Jack lived in a house like this. As soon as I got in I saw I didn't belong here. Didn't you see how those other women looked at me? And they were right. I'm cheap! I'm common! Oh, Jack, you know—... not common that way..."

Continued on page 39



A forest fire from the air.

## MANITOBA PATROL

By SANDY A. F. MACDONALD

NOR RAIN, nor snow, nor the gloom of night. Add impenetrable smoke haze, take away the beacon lights, directional radio control and meteorological data with which the much vaunted foreign airman pilot is blessed, and you have a few of the difficulties that Canada's Northern airmen face daily in their herculean task of suppressing fire over the vast forested areas of Manitoba.

The Manitoba Government Air Service, born last year already has proved itself a lusty infant and asserted its right to a place in a family circle that Canadians may well regard with pride.

Brought into the world during the worst depression in history, financial limitations and consequent deficiency of equipment faced this new flying service at the outset. But with typical native courage and resourcefulness, Colonel Stevenson, Director of the Manitoba Forest Service, tackled the well-nigh insuperable task of air forestry operations over a territory embracing more than 125,000 square miles with a flying force mustering at full strength a total personnel of three pilots and two air engineers!

Lack of adequate facilities and working equipment failed to deter this quartet of flying aces from maintaining their ships—five flying boats of an obsolete type—in the air a total of nearly 900 hours during the months in which fire is a menace, May to October.

The immortal motto of the Royal Air Force, in which Canadian airmen established such a glorious record during the war, is "*Per Ardua ad Astra*," through labor to the stars."

The M. G. A. S. has no Latin motto or device. If it had, it would be simply "*Per Ardua*." Deprived of their commissions in the Royal Canadian Air Force last year as a measure of economy, the five ex-officers selected to form the nucleus of the new provincial air service set out to prove their economic worth. Their success may be judged from the fact that they succeeded in lowering flying costs to the Province of Manitoba from \$70 per hour to the modest sum of \$33!

In the past, aerial forestry operations in the Western provinces have

run as high as \$200 an hour. As further evidence of the keenness with which these airmen tackled their job, the number of fires detected by aircraft last season was 34.7 per cent of the total reported, as against 8 per cent in the year preceding.

### Odd Jobs for Airplanes

AT LAC DU BONNET this spring, two air engineers under the direction of Jim Uelman, senior pilot, toiled from dawn till dark on the task of reconditioning the five aircraft that they might be spick and span for the season's work.

Flying Officer Barclay is a young Scotsman, youthful but a veteran pilot of the Northern skies, with many thousands of miles of bush flying to his credit. His activities have taken him beyond the frontiers of Northern Manitoba right on to the far northern shores of the Arctic Ocean.



Lac du Bonnet base of the Manitoba Government Air Service.

Photo courtesy The Royal Canadian Air Force

Flying Officer Travers is a pilot with a distinguished record in the Royal Air Force. He too, has flown the sky trails into the Land of the Midnight Sun on many a lonely patrol.

These two members of the ground staff act as reserve pilots and fly at any hour whenever their services may be required.

The M. G. A. S. is organized as a branch of the Forest Service of the Department of Mines and Natural Resources. Primary missions for the detection and suppression of forest fires, it never has carried out some valuable additional flying for the Manitoba Government last season. During a fire in the forest near Repulse, which embraces roughly all of Manitoba west of Lake Winnipeg, M. G. A. S. aircraft distributed bombs and ballot boxes to isolated polling centres. After the election, ballot boxes were sealed and carried to the returning officer at Norway House. The ensuing returns were then flown to Winnipeg. The time saving effected by the employment of aircraft for this purpose was approximately three weeks.

The airplane plays many strange parts beyond the frontiers of civilization. Witness it in the role of vigilance and speedy courier of justice, as a swift moving dragoon of the wilderness.

An M. G. A. S. plane has just observed a spot fire in the incipient stage over the boundary line in Ontario. The pilot reconnoitres. Four or five miles away he spots a canoe hastening away from the scene of the fire. Suspecting the occupants of setting it alight, he gives chase. The two Indians in the canoe paddle desperately toward the shore, bench their craft and disappear into the bush.

Investigations by the pilot at Little Grand Rapids disclose the names of two Indians known to be in that district at the time. Bones Flatstone and John Bones Flatstone, father and son.

A description of their canoe tales with that of the one seen from the air. A constable of the R. C. M. P. is flown into the district and the suspects are arrested. The Mountie and his prisoners are now transported by air to a portage at Moor Lake, just over the Ontario boundary. Arrangements have been made to meet a representative of the Ontario Forest Service and a magistrate there. Everything clicks as per schedule. After a lunch of bacon

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Continued from page 17

## Caught Napping

### A Narrow Escape in England

### Carrying a Bartmaid

We were playing at a fair at Nashville and Willie had charge of my equipment. The people down there go in for jackknives racing in a big way or did at that time any way and two or three jockeys were hurt nearly every day. We had finished our last performance and Willie climbed my pole to the platform to take down the wire. His work was almost done, and the pole was standing there supported only by guy wires when a negro came along on one of those

I'm getting a little old for this sort of thing and I realize I can't keep on for ever, but when it's the only job you've had all your life it's hard to get away from it. I'm not broke, not by any means, although the stock-market crash hit me pretty hard. I've still got my home and enough to keep me. What I want to do is walk old Niagara around, and then I'd be satisfied." *The End*



*The world is all sunshine  
to a healthy child!*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD.  
New Toronto - - - Canada



It's Tomato Soup when you add water. It's Cream of Tomato when you add milk or cream. Serve it both ways!



LOOK FOR THE  
RED AND WHITE LABEL

# Campbell's' Tomato Soup



# Single to Sicily

Continued from page 7

"There are ways and ways of doing things," she admitted, relaxing ever so slightly.

How true, how very true that is," Mr. Bishop, she said "if you will allow me I would like to think better of you than I do."

"Same here. Is this your first visit to Italy?"

She nodded.

"Then do you feel those sprouting sensations of emancipation, amounting a most to license that the Nordic race is stated to experience when reaching this seductive, unbalancing country? Do you still hear the splash of the cable that so recently moored you to the shores of home and duty? Do you get any kick out of this, or are you still as you were before?"

"Where did you find that?" she asked shakily.

"Same of it in a book but the last bit is mine."

"Well," she concurred with the glimmer of a smile. "I hope to catch some of it. What do you do at home?"

"That, Miss Butterworth, is not quite easy to answer. If you mean do I work I can only reply that the temptation came some years ago. I struggled with it successfully, and came out on top. I am still there. My youthful memories of the effect of work on my late paternal relative probably had something to do with it. I deplore the effect it produced on him but live comfortably on the result which will perhaps give you a high thing glance at my inner self. Now let me ask you something. Are you traveling to something, or running away from it?"

"How on earth did you know that?" she exclaimed.

"The natural process of ratiocination."

"Process of what?"

"Sorry. Why not empty your struggling soul to a total stranger?"

Why not? Mr. Bishop was leaning against the corridor paneling, hands deep in pockets, an expression of engaging simplicity on his youthful countenance. The face was anonymous, rather ugly, the features, apparently selected at random, did not match, and the nose might have been re-created with advantage. In spite of this it was quite a nice face. His light grey flannels were above or below, he wore dark brown suede shoes, and had a very straight front.

"Well," she said after a pause "supposing I have the Nordic reaction you referred to?"

"Why suppose and not just have it? You'll feel a lot better afterward."

"Then it's away from something?"

"I thought so. Is it permitted to know what?"

"Yes—a retired colonel."

MR. BISHOP, exuding a perfectly formed ring of pale grey smoke, remained motionless. He did not smile.

"I know," he said presently "the most interesting time in Italy is during the vendange—the gathering of grapes, and pressing in those round stone mills. That's one thing. The entire outfit kicks off its shoes and stockings and simply wades in and stamps about with the juice squirting up between their toes. Frightfully jolly all around, and the best of friends."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Would the colonel have enjoyed that?"

"He would not."

"Which is just one of the reasons you're giving him the hoof?"

"The what?"

"Never mind now. And you were to be swung off pretty soon into the new life that is so depressingly odd?"

"How did you know that?" she demanded quite started.

"You'll see in a minute. At two-thirty this morning I was brought into contact with—"

"You were discovering of the kind."

"Then I discovered a young lady with suspicious of tears in her."

"Tears of anger, Mr. Bishop?"

"Well, at any rate, tears. She was regarding a heap of well-possessions which the most untrained made could not fail to classify as a trousseau. Where I asked myself, is the dreamed male? I waited. None appeared. What he thought I. All these filleries without the main alone excuse for them! I was attracted Miss Butterworth, not to you, but the circumstances."

"Well," said she in a strangled tone.

"Since then I have been asking myself, merely from the biological angle of it, why when there are two million surplus women north of the chalk cliffs of old England, should any one of them run away from a prospective if elderly groom?"

"They are welcome to him," announced Miss Butterworth.

"We thank you. Am I to take it that you do not approve of your contemplated marriage?"

"I simply loathe the idea of marriage to anyone," stated Miss Butterworth with astonishing frankness, "which I hope will be sufficient to make it quite clear that well nothing is farther from my thoughts and intentions from this day forth and for evermore."

Mr. Bishop drew a breath of profound satisfaction.

"Would it surprise you if I said that no words from your lips could be more welcome?" Miss Butterworth, frankly, I begin now to admire you.

"How excessively kind of you."

"I feel exactly as you do," he said peaceably.

"About marriage?"

"Yes. Call it for instance wedlock and contemplate the last part of that word. Wedlock! The 'wed' portion might be bearable even enjoyable to begin with before the evil days arrive and the time is far spent, but does not the introduction of the 'lock' element put the matter in a depressingly different light? I ask you."

"I hadn't thought of that," she confessed.

"You would after it was too late. Most of them do. And freedom is our most priceless heritage."

"Thank you so much," she murmured.

"Messieurs et mesdames, le premier service pour dîner. Prenez vos places, s'il vous plaît," reverberated a penetrating voice from the far end of the corridor.

IT WAS just about this time that Colonel Montague Rivers Pluckett, D.S.O., M.C., O.B.E., late D.A.Q.M.G., emerged from his cab, took a commanding look up and down Piccadilly and started with military precision toward Hyde Park Corner. He stepped exactly thirty inches every time. His hair was iron grey, his suit a sort of grey iron effect, and he wore his regimental tie. The day was unusually fine for England, the pavements being nearly dry.

"God!" said the colonel to himself "this is the sort of weather I like—healthy and breezy."

At Hyde Park Corner he marched down Grosvenor Place, reflecting contentedly that his days of singleness had only one more month to run. He would then be married to a good, sound, sensible girl—none of your flibbertigibbets of a good sound age—that is twenty-four—with no nonsense about her.

They would live just outside Guildford, where there was decent golf, plenty of bridge, and where he proposed to raise fowl.

This programme, frequently rehearsed and always with the same satisfaction, brought him to Ebury Street where he rang the bell at a small house on the north side thrust a lean finger under the collar stud that was always fouling his Adam's apple and waited with calm expectancy. The door opened.

"I have called for Miss Butterworth."

The maid sent him a very uncertain look.

Miss Butterworth, oh Butterworth is—, "Speak up," barked the colonel, instantly vexed. "What's the matter with you?"

"Miss Butterworth is—that is—she's not in, sir."

"Lib."

"No, sir, not in."

"Mrs. Butterworth?" he snapped.

"Oh yes, sir. Will you please draw in the waiting—that is, wait in the draw—?"

The colonel strode in, arranged his hat, gloves and umbrella on a hall chest as though for kit inspection, and entered the first room on the left. It was not until ten minutes later that a middle-aged lady, greyish as to hair and reddish under the eyes, came in. Seeming very nervous, she put out a hand and instantly drew it back. The colonel's brows went up.

"What is it, Mrs. Butterworth? Has anything happened?"

"Everything, colonel."

"What do you mean? Not Daphne?"

"Yes, Daphne, she admitted miserably."

"Is she ill?" She was to lunch with me today.

"No, she's not ill, but she can't lunch with you."

At this he leaned stuffily forward. "Mrs. Butterworth, what is the matter, and where is Daphne?"

"She's—she's not here."

"Where is she, and why?"

"She—well—she seems to be in Italy, and—"

"Italy?" gasped the colonel. "Has she gone mad?"

"She's gone, whether mad or not. Can't you stop thinking about yourself and imagine my own feeling when I got her note? It was posted at Victoria Station yesterday morning."

"You got a note, and I got none?" he rasped.

"She felt in her pocket, then shook her head."

"No, I can't show it—it was just for me. She's left it to me to try and explain, but of course I can't."

The colonel fixed the trembling woman with a glance.

"Mrs. Butterworth, I demand to know just what that note said."

"You'd better not," she protested, "you won't like it."

In his snaky throat sounded a very audible gulp.

"Mrs. Butterworth, our engagement is announced and we shall be married in a month, and what concerns her concerns me. Will you please hand me that note?"

Well, she stammered, if you must, you must, but do remember that you insisted."

With this the hapless woman felt in her pocket, put out her hand and the colonel, with gradually protruding eyes, read as follows.

"Mother Dear"

"When you read this I'll probably be in the middle of the Channel. I can't stick things any longer. I mean Montague. You were for him from the start and though I wasn't, I let myself be persuaded. But it simply can't be done. Montague isn't my sort. He lives by rule, and I loathe rules. What brought on this climax was his taking me to see those Red Oringtons, and I pictured myself cleaning out chicken houses the rest of my life. I don't want to be married to anyone."

Don't worry about me. I'm off for a bunge with no male companionship. I'll come back when my money I've drawn every penny of it runs out."

"I've left you a putrid job in breaking the news. I did try to write to him, but gave it up. If he had the very least glimmer of humor, I'd have chanced it. Some men would see the joke in this, but not Montague. Of course, he'll feel frightfully insulted, more of that than any real sense of loss."

Continued on page 28

# CHARLES FARRELL & GINGER ROGERS

## in a Mobiloil "Made for Speed" Movie..



1 GINGER: "That's swell news. Got to get there in a hurry? We can use my car—she'll do seventy. You come right over now."



2 CHARLIE: "It's a big order. If we can get there in time, the Boss said it would mean a nice piece of money for me. We'd be all set to get married."



3 CHARLIE: "She's steaming! Didn't you have water put in when you got oil yesterday? We'd better pull into a filling station and find out what's up."



4 DEALER: "Your oil's almost all gone. That's the way with these cheap oils. They break down and use up fast. You ought to use Mobiloil."



5 CHARLIE: "So we just missed a repair bill! Well, it's Mobiloil from now on. What's a few cents more for Mobiloil compared to a banged up engine?"



6 CHARLIE: "We made it honey! And what a order! It's wedding bells for us. But say—if we elope—be sure and have Mobiloil in that car."

## What's a few cents more for Mobiloil, compared to a bill for repairs?

Made for speed? Yes! And made to take any punishment too! That's why Mobiloil is called *double-range*.

With double range Mobiloil in your crankcase, when a smooth concrete highway looms ahead—you can push your accelerator to the floorboards. Mobiloil will stand up. No danger of burned-out bearings. Your engine will get rich, unflinching lubrication always. Ralph De Palma

drove for over 8 hours at 112 miles an hour with Mobiloil! Speed cannot break down Mobiloil.

And punishment? Heat? Your oil will probably never have to face Death Valley heat. But Mobiloil has. You'll probably never have to put your car through a 1,000-mile grind in low gear with the thermometer over 120°. But in recent tests in Death Valley, Mobiloil proved its stamina under these terrific conditions.

Slow speed—high speed—save money on gas, on oil, on repairs—and above all—save on car life. Drive in today and ask for Mobiloil where you see the Mobiloil sign.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED  
Marketers of Mobiloil in Canada

Manufactured by  
VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.

# Mobiloil . . . makes old cars last longer keeps new cars young



Continued from page 28

"Quite," murmured Mrs. Butterworth. "You will also notice what she says about the ring. She 'supposes' that will have to go too. The use of the word 'suppose' is significant. The child doesn't know her own mind, but something makes her cling to the ring, and that single point puts the whole affair in a much brighter light. No other man is involved."

"Oh, no! I'm certain of that!" "It is hardly credible!" "Why?" demanded Mrs. Butterworth unthinkingly. "She could not deceive me to that extent. Not Daphne. May I take this letter with me?"

"It was never meant for you." "I quite realize that, and I might as well tell you now that my mind is nearly made up—nearly, though not quite."

"Oh!" "All things considered, I expect to find it my duty to go to Taormina and bring Daphne home."

TAORMINA, some 500 feet up in the air smokes seductively down at the Ionian Sea. An equal number of feet below the Ionian Sea smiles back. A few kilometers away, rise the first slopes of Etna, and of all the lovely, languid—but this is not a guide book. Let us be content with stating that the Greeks came here in sportive mood, also the Romans, Saracens, Normans. Miss Daphne Butterworth and Mr. Murray Bishop.

Miss Butterworth stood at her window in the Villa Diodoro, gazing at the Ionian Sea. Likewise at Etna. Mr. Bishop, at his window in the San Domenico, was doing exactly the same thing. Finally, with practically simultaneous sighs of satisfaction, they started for the Corso, and met in the middle of it the Corso being the spinal thoroughfare of the town. Miss Butterworth displayed a poplin confection. Mr. Bishop, who wore white flannels and a blue blazer, spotted over a hundred yards away.

"What do you say? Have an *aperitif*?" "I think that would be very nice."

Steering her toward a small, round marble-topped table, he ordered two Dubonnet, and regarded her with attention. She in turn regarded him. "Then they laugh at us."

"That looks like a rather nice cat's whiskers. Mr. Jayson, you know."

"Not a son, thank goodness."

"Come here!"

They sipped their *aperitifs*.

"You seem very cheerful this morning," Daphne said.

"I am. You ought to be too, instead of having qualms. You're a fortunate girl though you don't seem to know it. Heard from the colonel yet?"

Miss Butterworth shook her head.

"Not yet, but if mother has given the address, I certainly shall. Poor Montague," she added, softening a little.

"You never can find him Monty?"

"Oh, no."

"I wonder what he's calling you now?" said Mr. Bishop reflectively. "You know in some ways you're the most interesting girl I ever met. You've certainly got the stuff in you. When were you to be married?"

"A month from three days ago, and I think we'd better talk about something else."

"Why not? But let me first tell Montague find himself another and more yielding bride."

"I think it very likely," she smiled.

"And what would you go back to?"

"A job if I can get one."

"Have you thought what kind of a job you want?"

"It was so flattering that Miss Butterworth felt a child."

"Please, not today!"

Suddenly Mr. Bishop exclaimed: "That old bird coming this way! Let's get—no—sit tight—too late—she's seen us!"

Fifty feet away there moved toward them a British female of indeterminate age. She wore a light brown linen suit, a black belt, black shoes, white stockings, and a locally

made straw hat. Her eyes were a cold blue and her cheeks had a touch of frost. She carried a locally made straw receptacle in which were three artichokes, four lemons, a *fiasco* of native wine, and a copy of Joyce's *Ulysses*. She advanced with her unwinking gaze fixed on Mr. Bishop. Mr. Bishop got up.

"Well, Murray, who would have dreamed of finding you here?"

"Who indeed, Aunt Sophy? Where did you get that *Ulysses*?"

"I am returning it to a friend as unfit to be read," she replied acidly. "What brought you to Taormina?"

"Something on wheels, Aunt Sophy. Who did you say was the friend?" he added hopefully.

Lady Thoroughgood took a downward and very searching glance at Miss Butterworth, who, it seemed, was greatly interested in something going on at the other end of the Corso.

"How long have you been here, Murray?"

"Two days."

"I understood you were taking that trip to Brazil with Dora and her people."

"I thought so, too, for a while, then decided to have a little jaunt by myself before."

"By yourself?" She took another glance at Daphne, who had now moved to a near-by soap window. "In that case, who is your friend?"

"A Miss Butterworth."

"One of the Dorsetshire Butterworths?"

"No—Ebury Street."

"Hadden't you better introduce her?"

MISS BUTTERWORTH was recalled. She presented, and Lady Thoroughgood, though somewhat assured by her appearance, still felt deeply disturbed.

The usual exchanges took place, and Lady Thoroughgood enquired how long Miss Butterworth had been in Taormina.

"Just two days," said Daphne, brightly. "Isn't it perfect?"

"I am for some reason called forth a general air of stare, whereto to her intense amazement she blushed hotly."

"Funny how one day's just like the next in a place like this," put in Mr. Bishop rather harshly. "Where do you hang out now?"

"I have taken a small villa next the Pancrazio. And you?"

"The San Domenico. Miss Butterworth has dug in at the Diodoro near you. May I have a look at that book?"

Lady Thoroughgood reversed its position so that the title nestled cozily under an artichoke.

"It is not my book, Murray."

"I tried everywhere, but simply couldn't get one. Did you find it as well realistic as they say?"

"I am sure sent him a book that would have perturbed anyone else and addressed herself to Miss Butterworth."

"You two must have arrived on the same train."

"I believe we did."

"People do," contributed Mr. Bishop. "They can't help it. Trains are like that."

Lady Thoroughgood gave the type of snort associated with her station in life.

"I suppose you are traveling with a party?" she hazarded in a tone immediately recognized by her nephew.

"No," said Daphne, feeling for some reason a shade hostile. "I'm all alone and having a gorgeous time. And I don't know a soul except Mr. Bishop."

"Really?"

"Take the weight off your feet and have a Dubonnet with us, won't you, aunt?" interjected Mr. Bishop, aware that matters were now growing slightly complicated.

"No, thanks, Murray, and I should like you to come and see me about five this afternoon. It's the Villa Piccolina. Perhaps we shall meet again, Miss Butterworth. Good morning."

Mr. Bishop, whose features now reflected an unaccustomed gloom, stared after her.

"Can you beat it?" he murmured disgustedly. "Of all people in the world, that it should be that female hound relative of

mine—She has the instincts of a ferret, and the persistence of a bull dog."

"You speak feelingly," said Miss Butterworth, watching him rather closely.

"So would you if you knew her. I hadn't an idea she was in Taormina. She's loaded with spondee cks, and—"

"What's what?"

"Oof—*argent*—*denarii*—she's rich, I mean—but would walk a mile in the blaze of the tropic sun to get a cut price on one onion. Her chief nourishment is spinach. She knows everybody, and never forgets anything. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she knew your Montague—or of him."

"What a mad idea, and how unlikely! Besides, he's never mentioned her."

"Why should he? You know why she wants me this afternoon?"

"I can guess now."

"That's it to be pumped—but I'm not going. As a result there'll be a note at the Domenico tonight, and I'll make another bet that she'll drift into the Diodoro with in the next few hours and have a look at the hotel register."

"What could she get from the register?"

"Well, it's not beyond her to suspect that Butterworth isn't your real name."

"What a horrid woman!" flamed Daphne. "I'm not going to let anyone spoil a minute of my time. It's too short."

"Why short?"

"A matter of money. I drew my savings, and the Red Orpington fund which was in my name, and—"

"You drew what?"

"You see," she explained, "Montague was frightfully keen to start with at least forty birds, and suggested that we each put something toward the purchase."

"You mean," breathed Mr. Bishop, with a sort of reverence, "that Montague has unwittingly provided a part of your traveling expenses?"

"I couldn't have got away without it," she said.

Regarding her now with open admiration, he signalled again to the waiter.

"Miss Butterworth, you are one in a thousand—no, ten thousand. Is there no other agricultural fund you can draw on?"

"I'm afraid not."

"How long have you?"

"Just a month."

"I know," said he gloomily. "Life is like that: everything blooming in the garden and running like a clock, then some old fool drops a spanner into the machinery if you follow me. You heard what she said about Brazil?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm supposed to marry a girl who is taking that trip—which is why I'm here."

"It's a little difficult to see clearly. I didn't know you were engaged."

"Neither did I till—Daph! Tell me something, will you?"

"I would like to be of assistance," she murmured.

"How did Montague put the thing when he put it to you? Can you remember?"

"Yes, perfectly. He asked me to do him the honor to become his, *et cetera*," said Miss Butterworth reflectively.

"I'm absolutely certain I said nothing like that. And what finally broke it up?"

"I think it was the Red Orpingtons. But why should I be discussing Montague and Red Orpingtons with you here in Taormina?"

"It's nothing to what they do discuss, I'm told."

In the small shops that line both sides of the Corso was the sound of chaffing in many languages. The sun continued to shine and the bells of Santa Caterina suddenly chimed that it was twelve o'clock.

"Well," said Mr. Bishop, emerging from a profundity of reflection, "I never dreamed that we'd both be making a getaway on this trip. It needs a parous amount of thought. Have a spot of lunch with me at the Domenico."

"Thanks very much, but not today."

"Then climb the Mola after lunch. Everyone has to."

"I think I'll just loaf about."

"What's the matter, Daph? Not worrying about my aunt, are you?"

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"Partly, and Montague. I feel no end of a beast."

"Was the said Montague thinking about you or himself?" put in the young man shrewdly.

"She got up, smiling a little."

"That helps quite a lot. I'm going back to the Diodoro—no—please don't come."

LADY THOROUGHGOOD found herself compelled to think of her nephew.

Mr. Bishop, in describing her as a female ferret, had not been far out. She was lean, snappy, tireless and of undaunted persistence. She was not interested in ordinary people, nor was her type of imagination attracted by the obviously virtuous, and what really whetted her appetite was contact with those in whom she recognized a certain latitude of view and even practice.

When such contact took place, she immediately set to work to ascertain if it hadn't happened already or was about to. Should there appear to be no prospect, she moved on to the next victim.

She went on thinking about her nephew. Who was that girl? Butterworth? She did not know the name. A decent sort, one would say, and not that sort. Not pretty but with Murray one could never tell. Girls, *chir* girls, *petite* ones, tall and classical, blonde brunettes, plain girls with millions, exquisite creatures with nothing, landed girls, the huntin' and shootin' variety all had been paraded before him without result, till when hope had died in the maternal breast he had said something to Dora, who, promptly told her mother, who with equal promptitude telephoned to Mrs. Bishop, who thereupon kissed Murray very warmly and went to Buxton for a rest. But today Murray, instead of being somewhere off the Azores, sat in the Corso guzzling Dubonnet with a strange girl called Butterworth.

Lady Thoroughgood, masticating this surprising fact, reached for a copy of *The Times*, just arrived. It was two weeks out of date but that didn't matter and she turned at once to the death notices to gloat over the demise of such friends of hers as might be mentioned. Foiled in this, she applied herself to Births and Forthcoming Marriages and suddenly perceived something.

"Colonel Montague Rivers Plackett and Miss Butterworth."

"The engagement is announced between Col. Montague Rivers Plackett D.S.O., M.C., M.V.O., O.B.E., late D.A.Q.M.G., and Daphne, only daughter of Mrs. James Butterworth of 60A Ebury Street, London."

Staring at this with fascinated eyes, Lady Thoroughgood chortled. There is no other word for it: she chortled, pressing her thin lips so that one squirrel tooth gleamed hungrily through the faded pink of the funnel thus formed. Exactly as she suspected Murray had been at it again and instead of going on with his own engagement was breaking up someone else's. Then, just at this point, something suggested that she go warily.

Butterworth? What if the girl were some other Butterworth. Well, there wouldn't be two Daphnes, so that could be settled at once.

"*Il pranzo e pronto, signora*," said a maid at the door.

"*Piu tardi*," snapped Lady Thoroughgood, and full of the ardor of the chase marched out on the dusty road.

Passing the Pancrazio, she reached in another moment the Diodoro. Here she entered, and fastened hungrily upon the register.

"Daphne Butterworth. 60A Ebury Street, London. British."

THESE few girlish words, written in a round and rather irregular hand, gave Lady Thoroughgood intense pleasure. She stared at them, nodded, stared again, returned to the Villa Piccolina and ate an excellent lunch. Then she addressed an

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### Delightful New Picnic Sandwiches

#### SANDWICH SPREAD AND EGG SANDWICHES

Heinz Sandwich Spread. Lettuce. Hard Cooked Eggs. Salt and Pepper. Slices of white or whole wheat bread. Place thin layer of Sandwich Spread on each slice of bread. Place thin slices of hard cooked egg on half the slices and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Top with lettuce and run. Using slices of bread to in halves and wrap with several Heinz Queen Olives, in waxed paper.

#### PEANUT BUTTER AND SWEET MIXED PICKLE SANDWICHES

1/2 cupful Heinz Peanut Butter. 1/2 cupful Heinz Sweet Mixed Pickle, chopped. Slices of Bread. Lettuce. Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing. Combine Peanut Butter and Sweet Mixed Pickle, chopped. Place between slices of bread which have been spread thinly with Mayonnaise or butter. Add a lettuce leaf, may be added. Cut in half and wrap in waxed paper.

#### BAKED BEAN AND EGG SALAD

1 medium tin Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Boston Style. 3 hard-cooked Eggs. 1 small onion, chopped. 1/2 cupful Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins, chopped. Lettuce. 1/2 teaspoonful salt. Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing. Place Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in a sieve and wash with hot water and chill. Add chopped eggs, gherkins, onion and salt. Mix with 1/2 cupful Mayonnaise and as cold as possible. Serve in lettuce leaves that have been wrapped in a damp cloth. A delicious change from Potato Salad.



### Other HEINZ FOODS for Picnics and Lunches

CHOW CHOW. GHERKINS. WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE. RELISHES & VINEGARS. EVAPORATED HORSE RADISH.



When mother hears the cry

# "Let's go places!"

BY Josephine Gilson

WHEN the whole family suddenly decides it is time for a picnic, it behooves mother to be ready in the shortest time possible. Sandwiches are usually the backbone of such impromptu meals and if one has the habit of keeping a well-supplied emergency shelf, there will be the makings of several varieties of delicious sandwiches that can be ready in almost no time at all. Try the unusual and delicious recipes given here for substantial sandwiches of the picnic variety!

From the most favoured sections of many countries...

where soil and climate unite to grow the best, the house of Heinz chooses products to prepare for your table. Onions are selected at the Heinz plant in Spain—always the choice of the crop. For Heinz pickles and relishes, only Canada's best will do—with spices personally selected by Heinz experts in the Orient. Heinz methods assure you of uniform excellence—both as to quality and taste—in every product bearing the Heinz label.

H. J. HEINZ CO.  
Established at Leamington, Canada, Since 1869

SOME OF THE  
57



Continued from page 28  
envelope to Mrs. Joseph Bishop in Berkeley Square, seized a pad of paper and settled down to urgent business.

One of the subjects of her letter was on the wide balcony of the Diodora that fronts the first floor rooms. She wondered if any other girl had ever visited the Taormen-sum under such difficult circumstances. She did not regret coming but had expected to be able to shake off the immediate past a great deal more easily.

What would her mother make of it? What did Mr. Bishop really think of her? Equally, what did Lady Thoroughgood really think? She decided that she hated Lady Thoroughgood. And what about a job when she got back? She went out and found Murray.

"Look here," said he. "I'm on my way to the Ferrets. I thought perhaps it would be wiser to go—but wanted a few nice words with you first. You are not worrying, are you?"

"A little."  
"Then where can we meet?"  
"Come into my room."

The garden commanded a noble view, but Mr. Bishop wasted no time on that.

"Why, you shan't regard me as a sort of newly discovered brother," he said, "and let me act accordingly till you go off and I go off and no harm done to anyone? I'm an awful ass at putting this sort of thing, but perhaps you see what I mean."

Miss Butterworth glanced at him, and he smiled.

That is just what the doctor ordered," he nodded. "You go on laughing."

It seems all wrong, but it sounds very inviting," said Miss Butterworth dubiously. "May I think it—?"

"Believe me, Daph, the things that to the virgin mind seem slightly unjustifiable always turn out to be the most enjoyable I've proved it."

"We'll," she hesitated. "I'll think it."

"Una telegramma per la signorina," said a maid at her elbow.

The two exchanged glances and a chill crept into the sultry sunshine.

"Go to it!" said Mr. Bishop with swift encouragement. "It probably isn't anything you don't know already."

Opening the envelope with profound misgiving, she read:

Montague leaves today, Taormina to bring you back. He forgives you. Love Mother."

COLONEL PLUCKETT, boarding the Fiskestone Boulogne boat as though he owned it, surveyed a storm-tossed Channel with equanimity.

He was thinking of his dependable stomach, when a voice sounded close by.

Porter? I don't know but what we'll not right here."

A nice voice, very clear. The colonel saw a woman of it might be forty-five with a flawless skin, small straight nose, bright grey eyes. She wore a pink coat and one of the new hats.

But those things right here, Sarah, and came beside them. Don't let that satchel out of your sight."

At this there moved forward the person of a large negress, the most perfectly even, dignified living being the colonel had ever beheld. Her mouth was a large red gash, her black eyes, the whites of which had a bluish tinge, oscillated in their sockets as though riled, and her teeth flashed even in the pale light of an English noon. Looking at her, then at her mistress, she subsided into a creaking chair.

"Mrs. Sadie, Ah reckon we's agwine to ketch it."

The lady gave a shrug, bestowed on the colonel one glance and settled herself beside him.

"You sit right still," Sarah. "It's your only hope."

Colonel Pluckett, approving this point of view, got up, took a turn round the deck and returned to his seat. Mistress and maid had now closed their eyes.

The American lady displayed symptoms

of extreme lassitude. One arm hung loose, swaying with the wild movements of the ship and her eyes seemed glazed. Next to her the negress, it appeared, was suffering from a violent attack of jaundice and had turned a greyish yellow.

The colonel, shuddering, peered about with thoughts of escape, but what he saw held him where he was. A giant wave assaulted the *Maid of Orleans*, tossing her bows high till far beneath opened an enormous cavity of foam-streaked green. The *Maid* plunged into it. Simultaneously a secondary and closely associated disturbance rose at her midships, heaving her on her side in the most drunken fashion imaginable.

This occasioned widespread and regrettable results, but the one that concerns us was that the lady's chair came into contact with that of Colonel Pluckett and the negress's with hers. In the next instant he felt arms around his neck and found a feminine head on his shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said he, staring.

"Don't move," she groaned. "I daren't. I can't."

"Just a minute—I'll get a steward," said the colonel with unexemplified dignity.

"In coming you not to do a thing stay right where you are," groaned the lady. "If you stir the least little mite, I'll."

Colonel Pluckett, grasping the situation, was horrified.

Madam, I am not your husband!"

I don't care whose husband you are. Don't you move," whispered the lady and clung tighter. Her pink collar was tickling the colonel's cheek, and in the salty air he caught the least suggestion of violets. The negress, a shapeless mass, continued to invoke the help of heaven.

Then, ultimately, the long-drawn tribulation came to an end. The lady glanced upward, and her lips quivered ever so slightly. Feeling the rough tweed of her sailor's coat against her temple, she turned toward the colonel.

I'd have passed right out if it hadn't been for you. Ever so many thanks."

He got up, folded his rug, bowed, and was first off the boat. Ten minutes later he occupied his compartment in the Syracuse sleeping car.

The train was thundering through Amiens station when, standing in the corridor, he heard voices.

The straits of Messina. Sarah is only five miles wide and the train goes right on the car ferry, so you couldn't be sick if you wanted to.

Dat's all right, Mrs. Sadie, but how deep is dem straits?"

The reply came in a lazy, very musical tone, with a sort of freedom about it.

Well, we'll see when we get there. Feeling a mite better now?"

Mrs. Sadie mumbled stammered done come right back wheah it was befo'."

The colonel gave a shudder and because he had nothing else to do, continued to listen. There was a short silence, followed by an exclamation.

My gracious, Sarah, I've dropped one of my earrings."

"Law, Mrs. Sadie, yo' done los' it?"

"I must have." I put it on this morning."

"Yes, Mrs. Sadie, yo' suttinly did."

I lost it in the train too. I saw it when I did my hair."

"Yass m m, Ah guess dat's right."

"Get down and look on the floor—under those seats too. It isn't caught in my dress?"

THERE WAS a sound of things being moved, of a human thud, of wheezy grunts, and the colonel waited expectantly.

"Oh, well, I guess it doesn't matter so much. It wasn't one of the big ones, anyway. Everything else all right?"

"Yass m m, it's all right here in yo' satchel."

The colonel felt faintly amused. He settled down to think of his errant bride-to-be and, now that the first shock was over, found himself able to contemplate the matter in a considerably milder light.

There was nothing the matter with him—he knew

that so the fundamental cause must lie with the girl herself.

"By gad!" he ejaculated, "that's it! What an ass I am!"

Such an admission from Montague Rivers Pluckett meant a great deal, and in this case implied that he had tumbled over a discovery which a man of his perception should have made long since. The fact, and it now stared him in the face, was that Daphne simply was afraid not of him so much as of matrimony.

The more he thought of this, the more clear it became, and at the same time roused in him a curious little tingle of pleasure.

"Poor little Daphne!" he murmured affectionately. "I must be very gentle with her—very gentle—a sort of harbor of refuge."

"What sort of a place we's agwine to dis time, Mrs. Sadie?" asked the negress.

Very lovely, Sarah, and very old. People have been going there for thousands of years."

"Hub! Ain't it mos' used up?"

"Such spots don't get used up," laughed the lady.

"Yo' reckon de sun's gwine to shune?"

"I reckon it will."

"Summ' lak Cahlnah?"

"A good deal like that, probably more so."

"Any folks dere of mah color?"

"I expect so, probably Senegalese."

"Sene what?"

"Don't worry about it, Sarah; you'll be all right."

Colonel Pluckett, absorbing this, frowned a little, then reflected that since the lady had two compartments in the Syracuse sleeping car, it might have been inferred that she was going first to Taormina.

At that moment the call of *premier service* came down the corridor. Before leaving the compartment, he noticed his overcoat on the seat, and being a man of orderly habits made to hang it up. Doing this, he felt under the right lapel, and found, nestling into the rough tweed, something small and hard and round.

It was a pearl earring.

The colonel stared at the thing whose tiny hoop of fine wire had hooked itself into the fabric. Putting on his glasses, he kneeled and held the feminine trifle in a good light.

Now it happened that he had served for twenty years in the Far East, where he became interested in precious stones, and took peculiar pains to inform himself on the subject. Of pearls, though he possessed but one, he was particularly fond, and had learned a great deal about them. And what now lay in his hand made him whistle.

It was a true Oriental pearl, perfectly rounded, of a soft, creamy pinkish lustre, and about the size of a fat pea. Fingering it with a sort of reverence, he put it to the tip of his tongue, and recognized the cool, silky smoothness of the real thing. The earring was worth not less than three hundred pounds, probably more. And the lady had said that it didn't matter much since it wasn't one of the big ones.

There was, of course, but one thing to do, and he marched forward to the dining car, which was now very full. The lady sat facing him at a small table, and, looking up, saw him standing at the door. Immediately she looked down.

With his back more than usually stiff, the colonel approached and laid the earring in front of her.

"This, madam, I believe, is yours."

She took one glance at it, then at him, made a choked little sound, and began to laugh. It was a gay laugh, very natural, very infectious, and penetrated the car light as wind, free as water.

"Well," she said shakily, "if that isn't the funniest thing ever! I guess I know where you found it. I'm just awfully obliged to you, Mr. Mr."

I am Colonel Pluckett," he put in with monumental dignity.

"Well, Colonel Pluckitt, I don't know how

it, please, not ill."

"That's too careless of me. Maybe some day—well—I suppose you know you saved

my life? I'm Mrs. Sadie Hollinger. Have you had your lunch?"

"Thanks," said the colonel, starting for the far end of the car, "I'm just going to. Good afternoon."

"I guess you aren't, not on this service, unless you sit right here."

He looked desperately about. It was quite true. Also he felt exceedingly hungry and since after the next half hour he would be able to avoid her altogether—well, why not? So he slid into the only vacant place and picked up an enormous menu card.

For several moments the lady left him thus, but he was aware that she kept shooting at him quick, curious little glances that seemed of genuine interest. Eventually he felt compelled to speak.

"You know—ah—the continent?" he hazarded.

"Why, no, colonel. Never set foot on it before."

"Really?"

"Ever been in the States?"

"The Shan States, not the United ones."

She looked up, not a little puzzled, and he observed that she had a very round, white throat. Her dress of dark blue was, he assumed, of silk, and fitted her comfortable figure marvelously well. Her wrists were small, her hands well formed, capable and perfectly kept, her mouth rather large and very flexible, her nose short and straight.

"The what States?" she murmured.

"Between Upper Burma and Indo-China," he said briefly. "You are travelling for pleasure, of course?"

"Why certainly. You too, I guess?"

"I have been called south on an important matter." This to him sounded about right, though only relatively true. Who had called him? Certainly not Daphne.

"The first time I saw you I thought it would be something like that. Right through to Sicily."

Taormina," he conceded.

So am I, perhaps we'll see something of each other. I haven't half thanked you yet for that pearl. I'll put it right back now where it belongs."

"I'm sorry," said the colonel, watching with a detached but very accurate interest the curve of arm, shoulder and breast. "I shall only be there for twenty-four hours."

"Is that so? Well, I'm not so surprised after all, Mrs. Pluckitt—pardon me—ell—"

—isn't with you?"

"There is not any Mrs. Pluckett," he answered with dignity, and very nearly added "as yet."

It seemed that this information set up in the lady's mind a new train of thought. You live in England, of course?"

"Yes, I am buying a small place near Guildford, some thirty miles from London."

Never heard of it. I come from California."

A wonderful part of your country, I'm told."

"That's what they say in California. I'm a business woman."

"You are in business?"

You might call it that, I supply Hollywood with eggs."

WITH THIS announcement made in a brisk, cheerful voice, and obviously unconscious of the effect it produced, the lady paid her bill and went back to the sleeping car, leaving the colonel hot, angry, intrigued, stimulated, provoked and confused all at once. Why should the lady pull his leg in a crowded dining-car? Was she entirely responsible? How many eggs did Hollywood consume a day?

Confronted with problems such as this, he forged doggedly ahead, but Mrs. Hollinger, absent in the flesh, still seemed to be facing him, and when he returned to the sleeping car and heard again the sound of voices from the adjoining compartment, a shameful curiosity made him pause in the corridor and listen.

"Well, Sarah, that's all there is to it."

"Yo' tell me dat's one of dem English kuhlns?"

"I'm sure he is. It's written all over him."

"How many kuhlns yo' s'pose dere is in England, Mrs. Sadie?"

"Search me."

"Mo' dan dere is in Chawiston, South Cahlnah."

"I don't believe this one is quite the same kind," laughed Mrs. Hollinger.

At this point the subject of their conversation experienced a throbb of gratitude, and walked on. The train, circling round Paris, made a brief halt at the Gare de Lyon, and he seized the opportunity for a little exercise. His time was about up when he encountered the lady on the platform.

"Colonel, I've just got to do something more than say thank you for that earring. Won't you drink tea with me when we get started?"

"I er—that is very kind of you."

"I'm pleased to hear it. We'll have it right in the compartment and—"

A chirrup from the guard's whistle cut off the rest. The Rome express got into motion and ten minutes later Colonel Pluckett sat facing Mrs. Hollinger across a small, folding table. The negress had removed herself.

Mrs. Hollinger looked at him and smiled.

"It's a kind of cosy like this, isn't it?"

A chill struck into his blood. Here he was in pursuit of a fugitive bride, yet closeted in the most intimate manner with a woman who had crossed the greater part of the Channel with her head on his shoulder.

What would Daphne say to this? Nothing because she would never know. Then he glanced at the lady, and oddly enough his blood lost some of its chill. She was very gay, and smiled as she poured tea. The pink coat hung in the corner and under the seat were a pair of the smallest slippers he had ever seen.

"I'm glad you're not married," she said demurely.

"Eh?"

"I should have to apologize to your wife for this morning. But it certainly saved my life. Sugar?"

No, thanks, and—er—the other thing is quite all right. I—that is—I think I understand."

"I'm saving you did, because if you'd uttered one single word I'd have—but I guess we can forget that. Now there's something else."

"Oh."

"It's about those eggs. I suppose you thought I was joking you?"

You were what me?" stammered the colonel, quite baffled.

"Handing you something—stretching it a bit—but I wasn't. Look at this."

She gave him a post card, blank on one side, on the other a colored photograph. He saw a stretch of open-looking ground, ringed with trees, and dotted with long, low one-story bungalows, green-roofed. Around and between these buildings was a vast multitude of fowls, acres of fowls. They concealed the earth, spreading almost as far as the photograph reached. The fowls of a continent might have been gathered here. And they were all snow white.

What is this place?" he creaked.

"One of my chicken runs. I have six."

The colonel gaped at her, but her face was quite calm.

"How many—ah—chickens are there here?" His tone was now very strained.

"I can't say exactly, but I reckon about twenty thousand."

His brain began to swim, and his Adam's apple gave a leap of extraordinary velocity.

You have—six—like—this?"

"Yes," she said cheerfully "that's about all I can handle—say something like a hundred and twenty thousand birds, of which seven per cent are male. Of course, this doesn't mean anything to you, but you looked sort of doubtful when I said I was a business woman, so I wanted to prove it. Have I?"

"Mrs. Hollinger, frankly, you amaze me."

"Well, that's something to start with."

"Your husband is not traveling with you?"

She shook her head.

"Well, colonel, to put you straight right now we don't travel together any more. That finished two years ago."

"Oh!"

"It sort of brings in those chickens. He

said to me: 'Sadie, if you quit now at forty I

thousand, which is enough for any woman, I'll stay with you, but if you go higher than that I'm through'—and in the very next week I had the chance to form a Chicken Trust and did, and jumped from forty to a hundred and twenty thousand, and it was too much for George—that's him standing in the corner of that card—so he quit. Incompatibility, of course, and it went right through and he took out his money, which wasn't much, and went down to San Diego, where he lives now. We're good enough friends but I never found him real interesting—sort of slack and careless and never picked up a single thing, and I can't abide that. Have a chocolate? If I lived in a place like England I'd have kept ducks."

THE COLONEL, now in a slightly stupefied condition, took a large peppermint cream and glanced at the lady.

"What kind of chickens do you keep, Mrs. Hollinger?"

"White Leghorns—nothing else. Cost more, but better layers."

"You never tried—er—Red Orpingtons?"

At this she turned in quick interest.

"Colonel, don't tell me you keep chickens yourself?"

"No," he answered hastily, "but I am fairly well informed on the general subject. Now isn't that just like an Englishman? They just sit tight, and don't say what they know, ever to start with, and then trot it out when least expected, while we Americans start right off with a lot more than we do know. You go right on, colonel, with the Red Orpingtons. Then I'll try and tell you."

Having, without a single interruption, emptied his reservoir of what had been pent up there for weeks past, he mopped a brow which had become rather moist, and made an apologetic gesture.

I'm afraid I was rather carried away. You've probably forgotten more than I know."

"Colonel," she said reverently, "you're just wonderful. I've got all those chickens, and don't know a fraction of what you do. I only feed them and clean them, and let instinct and Nature do the rest. Don't you ever come to California?"

"I have not had that pleasure, Mrs. Hollinger."

"Is it likely?" she added wistfully. "I'd just love to show you round."

This hospitable suggestion, made in so candid a tone, gave him a shock. Was it perhaps more than hospitable? He thought it was, and his Adam's apple gave a spasmodic little bounce.

He made a desperate effort to collect himself. What was he up to, anyway? Was Daphne sitting in penitent loneliness among the asphodels, or was she not? She was.

"Come!" he said to himself sternly. "Come—come! Pull yourself together!"

Then, glancing at Mrs. Hollinger, he felt less convinced. She happened to be glancing at him, and her expression betrayed the fact that she was a woman, and though he had known this before, he knew it much better now.

He confessed that he ought to tell her—now—at once—before the train covered another rail length, but being a man as well as an officer he hesitated.

This investigation occupied considerably more than one rail length, but roused no impatience in Mrs. Hollinger. She knew he was thinking. She liked him. He had a natural, and to her rather restful reserve save on the subject of chickens, and he did not lose by that exception. She liked his clothes, his shoes, his lean ankles, the concavities at his slightly greying temples. He would never be fat, his shoulder she had found sufficiently wide to be comfortable, and he would never leave things about.

"Well," she went on, "it's too bad you've got such a short time in Taormina. I'm going to lie round for a month or so and think things over in peace. I had a proposal just before I left home."

"I'm—er—not at all surprised," said the colonel chokily.

"That was real nice of you. It was a proposal to buy me out for two million."

## Is this bird luckier than your husband?

Quickly, without hard rubbing! Your clothes look clean—and white!—and they have the sweet fragrance of a Spring shower.

Is your husband as lucky as that? Or does gray creep into his shirts after a few washings, no matter how hard you try to keep it out?

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and a can of Palmolive After Shave Talc  
Insert your name and address and mail with 10c in stamps to: Colgate-Palmolive Co., Dept. M-1, 65 Nassau Street, Toronto, Ont.

Please print your name and address

dollars, cash, and I've got to say yes or no by the first of May."

"You ah you thank you will accept?"

"That's just what I don't know," said she reflectively. "Of course, it sort of hurts to let all those chickens go. You just send six thousand dozen eggs into Hollywood every morning, and get the cheque seven days later."

"Six thousand dozen?" he breathed.

"You said it, colonel. What I'm really afraid of is that they'll get me for keeps, and I'll am at making it ten or fifteen thousand, and grow into an old woman who hasn't any concept except eggs. I wish there was someone to advise me."

Colonel Plackett was illuminated, a door opened, a charge of dynamite exploded within him. His Adam's apple exhausted by much recent activity, could only give a galvanic twitch. But it did that. He had an

awareness of the moment of two million dollars — of a dwindling perspective of White Legions — of a very good-looking woman of another woman, younger but not so good looking, who by this time had her face buried in the asphodels of Guildford of forty-think of it forty Red Orpingtons.

"I hardly feel that I would be justified in . . ." He heard his own voice.

"It would be ever so kind of you, colonel. Why not?"

He summoned his failing forces. Something shouted at him to get out of this, get back to his own compartment, and get quickly. But the voice, his voice, went on again.

"Well, since you are so good, I would suggest . . ."

*Le premier service point d'acier, madame,*

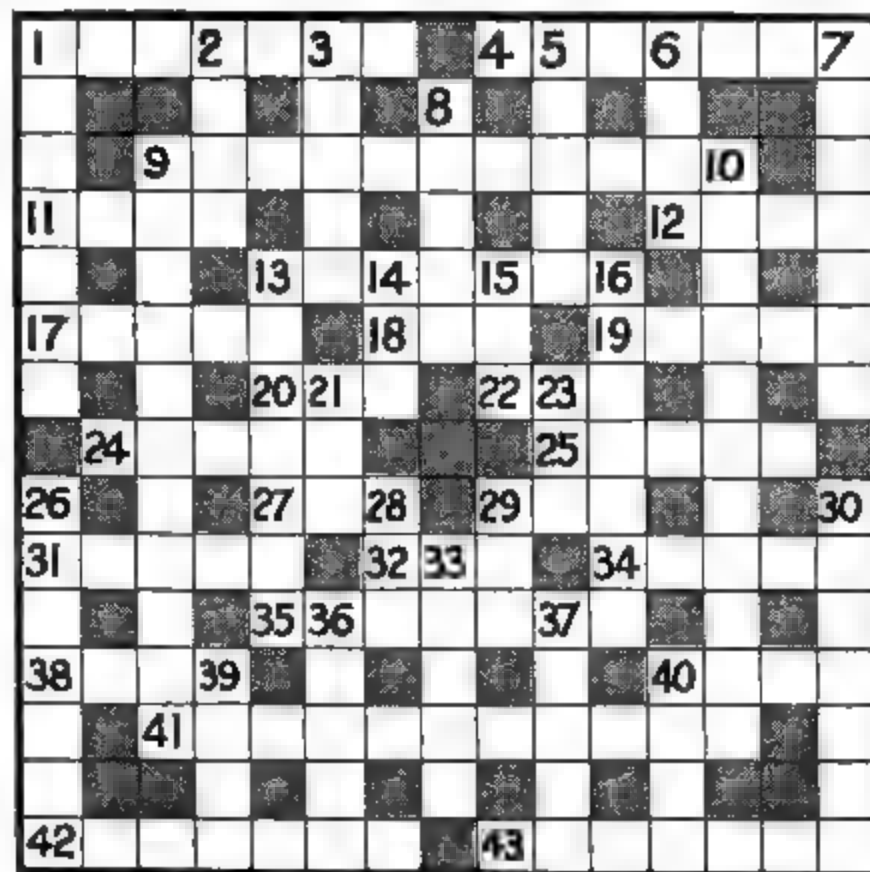
came another voice at the door.

To be Continued

## Maclean's Cross-word Puzzle

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p><b>Across</b></p> <p>1. This mighty beast is more than half insect.</p> <p>4. Pertaining to the spirit. A sigh and a kick.</p> <p>9. Caesar's baggage.</p> <p>11. A whetstone.</p> <p>12. We keep our best for Sundays.</p> <p>13. No pillow complete without one.</p> <p>17. You can't do this without a fixed abode.</p> <p>18. One way to win a wife.</p> <p>19. Usually found at the dinner table.</p> <p>20. Not well.</p> <p>22. There's always room there, but usually filled.</p> <p>24. Some golfers do this habitually.</p> <p>25. If every . . . in six thousand . . . were in six parts, and every part a . . . I would not draw them.</p> <p>27. A small barrel.</p> <p>29. Encountered.</p> <p>31. A nursemaid. Probably French.</p> <p>32. A king of Judah. (Warred with Baasha).</p> <p>34. Girl's name.</p> <p>35. A Canadian wild duck.</p> <p>38. May be fruit or fish . . . or at least crustacean.</p> <p>40. Our largest winter mantle.</p> <p>41. Highlands in Eastern Canada.</p> <p>42. Place in Alberta. Sounds like an Englishman swearing.</p> <p>43. Account books.</p> | <p><b>Down</b></p> <p>1. Systems.</p> <p>2. A form of the Greek drama.</p> <p>3. Subject of a discourse.</p> <p>5. A unit of cubic measure. = 35.31 cub. feet.</p> <p>6. Lions and tigers, for example.</p> <p>7. A container for water.</p> <p>8. Painted pony.</p> <p>9. Written between the lines.</p> <p>10. Our cousins "down under."</p> <p>13. The most common Canadian woodpecker.</p> <p>14. A pointed instrument for piercing.</p> <p>15. How a hot dinner should be served.</p> <p>16. Commonly reported or thought.</p> <p>21. The sheltered side.</p> <p>23. Horace wrote several books of these.</p> <p>26. Bank clerks have been known to do this with cash.</p> <p>28. One of the twelve tribes of Israel.</p> <p>29. Girl's name, once familiar on screen.</p> <p>30. Usually composed of rags and scraps. Lines of handkerchiefs and small sundries.</p> <p>33. "Oil to make his face to . . ."</p> <p>36. A heronlike bird rarely seen in Canada.</p> <p>37. Living.</p> <p>39. Bassam.</p> <p>40. Tree trunk projecting from a river bed.</p> |
|---|---|

Solution of this puzzle on page 34



## Motor Murder

Continued from page 21

A youngster toddles aimlessly or rushes heedlessly from behind a parked car.

Even the most alert driver in the slowest moving car hasn't a chance to avert a tragedy.

The coroner's jury finds a verdict of "Accidental death." But in an age like ours, when such tragedies are duplicated day after day when such stories are reiterated in the newspapers morning and evening when on the quietest residential streets motor cars are continuously coming and going, can such a tragedy be termed an accident?

In other words, isn't it a case of eyes being unconsciously or deliberately closed to the actual conditions? The child doesn't realize the danger. The grown boy or girl forgets it. The parents know it, but take chances with a situation which demands action as drastic as would occur if the children ventured too near a house quarantined for black smallpox.

What can parents expect of children when we see the performance of adults? Stand at a downtown Toronto street crossing and count the pedestrians rushing across against the red light.

The motorist is merely a child grown up, a pedestrian promoted to the wheel of a powerful and deadly piece of mechanism. Like the child running heedlessly into the street or the pedestrian defying the red light, he refuses to see conditions as they are.

If a new disease should arise in Canada that in a year swept 1,300 people to sudden and painful death and left thousands more maimed and mangled, would we treat it as a commonplace? Or if an epidemic of crime burst forth that in a year took toll of 1,300 lives and inflicted incalculable personal and property damage, would we regard it with bland complacency?

Here we have the identical result—but because the epidemic is both crime and disease, we let it run on and on.

In 1926 Government control of liquor sales was an issue in Ontario. Probably the strongest potential argument against legalized sale was that booze and gasoline wouldn't mix.

In the course of that campaign, Hon. G. Howard Ferguson stated his policy on this point quite explicitly. No mercy would be shown the drunken driver. His lot would be the jail, without alternative.

The law says the same thing. If you doubt look at the Criminal Code.

But how is the law enforced? Quite frequently a Supreme Court judge charging a Grand Jury, or a magistrate sentencing a prisoner, will declare that the drunken driver is a potential murderer. The phrase is as resonant as the bark of any other dog that isn't a loved to bite.

Suppose a man, full of the purest *jeu de viete*, grabbed a repeating rifle, ran into the middle of a crowded street and commenced firing at random. He would be a potential murderer. Even if he didn't do any damage, he'd be promptly caught and caged for a time; if, indeed, an investigation into his sanity didn't result in caging him until his mentality became normal.

But the man who tucks several drinks under his belt, gets behind the steering-wheel of a modern juggernaut and similarly shoots at random may, if caught and convicted—a potent "if"—be sent to jail for not less than seven and not more than thirty days.

As I said, if

### Loopholes in the Law

IT IS WHEN we get down to enforcement of that law that the quibbling and evasion begin. The man staggers, he smells strongly of booze, there are empty bottles in his car, he is driving erratically in traffic—but how do you know he is drunk? Can you prove it? Did you have a physician examine him? And is a jury of motorists going to believe the physician?

A typical case occurred in Alberta recently. Two cars collided and a young

lady was injured. The driver of one car was arrested. He had been driving erratically. A medical man examined him shortly after the accident and testified that at that time he was intoxicated. The accused stated that he had only two glasses of beer three hours before the accident, but after that time had partaken of garlic. The jury, in the face of medical testimony, found the accused not guilty of being intoxicated while driving the car.

Enforcement officers do not bring men into court on this charge unless they feel they have a pretty sure case. If a man is convicted under the code of driving while drunk, there is no alternative but imprisonment. But there is apparently a difference between drinking and being drunk. A man may imbibe in the hour before his arrest anywhere from a glass to half a dozen bottles of alcoholic liquor and still be sober enough to drive the biggest motor car through the original plain intent of the criminal code. And if the charge of drunk driving is reduced to something less—but let us examine a few more instances.

In Toronto a man with no lights on his car narrowly avoided a collision. Police testified he had been drinking. Instead of imprisonment without option, he was fined \$10 and costs or ten days and his liquor permit was cancelled.

In another case a man doing forty-three miles an hour in a city and who smelled strongly of liquor was fined \$10 and costs or ten days.

An auto mechanic, while testing a car's steering wheel ran over the curb. "I think he had had a drink," testified an officer. Nevertheless, the man was let off with \$10 and costs or ten days.

In an Ontario city a few weeks ago two men were charged with consuming beer in an auto. A case of beer containing several empty bottles was found in the car. "One more drink and both would have been drunk," testified the motorcycle officer. The men were fined \$20 each or twenty-one days.

Taking the provinces by and large, the number of charges of drunk driving is small, the number of accidents reported as due to drunk driving is surprisingly small. To some people this may be gratifying to others it raises the question "Do all the cases come to light?"

An accident occurred in Western Ontario in January, 1932. A car driven by a Toronto man, accompanied by a young woman and two other persons, collided with a stalled truck. The woman was badly injured. She spent some months in hospital. Minor charges were laid and disposed of. Later in the fall when the young lady recovered she sued for damages. Then for the first time it was disclosed that the driver had been drinking.

The motorists who mix booze and gasoline are a minority. They constitute a menace to the vast army of motorists, pedestrians and children. Yet more concern seems to be shown for finding loopholes of escape for the drunken driver than for eliminating him.

### Do Speed Laws Mean Anything?

I HAVE ALREADY quoted the comment of my good friend, the motor league official on the speed limit and its observance. I recur to the subject, not because a speed limit is vital to safe driving, probably it isn't—but because the attitude of most motorists toward this item of the law is characteristic of the attitude of some motorists toward all restrictions, moral, legal or otherwise.

A fellow motorist a few months ago declared with great vehemence against an obnoxious "speed trap." A lot of his friends had been caught and fined as a result of the activities of a certain local police chief.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that this police chief prosecutes people on false evidence or no evidence at all?" Does he swear that a man



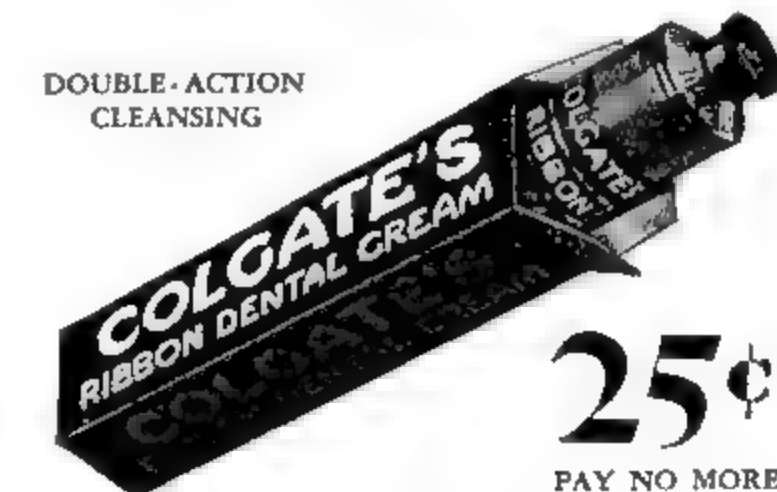
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was exceeding the speed limit when he wasn't? Why not set a trap for the trapper? Drive through that place with a magistrate or a county court judge on the seat beside you to keep an eye on the speedometer."

"But," argued my friend, "when a fellow drives through one of these little back lanes, he doesn't expect to slow down to twenty miles an hour. Nobody does it. And they're financing that town out of the fines they collect from motorists."

In other words, the flood of propaganda against that town and its police chief—the persistent "riding" of the officer by motorists, the outcry against the speed trap—the talk of motorists being ruthlessly victimized—was due to the fact that the police chief was merely enforcing the law as he found it. Which was his sworn duty.

Such an attitude in regard to any other law might be dubbed queer, strange, and social. In this case it seems to be the normal reaction. Yet can we expect to reduce our ghastly traffic toll while we regard the law as something to be interpreted to suit ourselves or to be disregarded utterly? In other words, can we hope for any betterment in regard to traffic tragedies unless we are ourselves willing to pay the price?

I am not bedeviling the motorist as such. In a small way, when I can afford to buy gasoline and pay for a license. I am a motorist myself. The motorist is usually a good fellow. So far as the speed limit is concerned, it is a law unto himself, but there is a lot of care and common sense in his make-up.

The camaraderie of motorists is a wonderful and beautiful thing. I have known deeds of sympathy of mercy, of helpfulness, of sheer heroism and sacrifice that honor the great fraternity. But that very camaraderie is perhaps one of the obstacles that stand in the way of efficient law enforcement.

A couple of court pronouncements are significant. Hon. W. E. Raney, addressing the Grand Jury at the London assizes, expressed the drastic view that there had never been an accident case that had come before him that could not have been avoided by reasonable care. Despite which, the percentage of acquittals, especially in serious cases, is enormous.

## The Company of Fools

Continued from page 20

"All right," he said, "let's go." He offered her his hand, housing her to the top of the bluff. He turned, looking back across the beach and the water, then along the curve of shoreline to where the city stood in its towers into the evening mist. The sun, dripping below a ridge of cloud, fell fully upon the office buildings. They stood out, white and ethereal, against the smoky haze. She did not interrupt him with speech, but his face was an answer to certain questions. There was a new eagerness in his face, a glow. But a sudden pang ran in her. He was lost in the city. He was on a new crusade. He was of the honorable company of fools. He had forgotten her. Then he turned, and they started together across the rough grass and the muddy road to where the sidewalk ran straight up to the car.

What he said, "Do you mind waiting here a minute? I want to get the address of the agent who has that house. It certainly could be used over."

"To sell?" She couldn't help that. He looked at her squarely. "Marian," he said, "I've been an awful dud. You shouldn't tie up with a chap like me. But if you would..."

"I would," said Marian. "With a small car," he said, "I could come in and out to business. Will you please consider yourself kissed. Promissory note. There are people round. But I don't know what old Jonathan will do without us. You were the only one that saw the thing before."

A woman's influence, said Marian.

### The Slaughter Goes On

A CROWN PROSECUTOR W. S. Middlebro, K.C., of Owen Sound, at the winter assizes at Toronto, supplied a clue. In prosecuting a particularly flagrant case in which, by the way, he achieved that miracle, a conviction, he touched on a fundamental difficulty in getting at that minority of careless motorists who are responsible for our tragic traffic toll.

If people had been present at the time of this accident, said Mr. Middlebro, they would have felt like lynching the driver. "But a month or so later," he added, "such is the peculiar psychology of mankind they say, 'Don't be too hard on him, he didn't mean it.'"

Mr. Middlebro might have gone further. Everybody, except in the most flagrant cases, loves the motorist and hates to be hard on him. Particular is this true of his fellow motorist in the jury box. The juror contemplating the prisoner in the dock thinks, "There, but for the grace of God goes myself." The juror drives a car. It takes chances they all do, says my motor league friend and who can tell how soon he himself may be in the dock and some other motorist passing judgment on him?

It is a beautiful camaraderie—but it isn't helpful toward enforcing laws and dealing with culprits in the stern and unbending spirit that alone will halt motor murders and maimings. It is refusing to punish the guilty motorist and thereby perpetuating the perils that now constantly menace the innocent.

The slaughter goes on. Every Monday morning we read, but slightly varied in its details, the same gruesome chronicle of week-end tragedies. Men and women and little children die suddenly and horribly or go limping through a painful and distorted life, endless rivers of tears are shed for loved ones, enormous sorrow and loss are inflicted world without end.

That goes on, and will go on till we experience a new realization of the cause of motor accidents, the needlessness of this terrible toll, the conditions that allow it to continue, and till we grapple with motor murder as if we really meant to put an end to it.

### Maclean's Magazine, August 1, 1933

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**MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY**

**STOPS SEA SICKNESS**

## Norma Shearer

Continued from page 16

They watched their little sum of money dwindle. They lived in a dingy, cheap apartment near 59th Street and Ninth Avenue, where there were no "cooking privileges." They had planned to "eat out" but presently Norma's chances of being "discovered" in some smart café became completely nil since they were reduced to cooking eggs over a gas jet and eating frugal meals from paper bags.

Across the top of the trunk that served as a dinner table these three lonely women looked at each other and wondered what they would do next, for each week they remained in New York made going home more impossible.

It was one afternoon, shortly after Mrs. Shearer announced that they had just enough money to see them through five more days, that Norma went to a large theatrical agency, where a bored young man looked up from a desk littered with photographs of beautiful girls and said:

"Oh, good lord, must you go into pictures?"

Yes," said Norma, "I must. You see, we—"

But he turned away. He had heard half a dozen sob stories that day.

"I must," repeated Norma. "Honestly, I must."

There was a desperate quality in her voice, or perhaps the agent only wanted to get rid of her. At any rate he sent her and Athole—who, lacking the will power of her sister, was later to drop out of the film race—to a small company where twelve girls were needed for a comedy. Hundreds of girls had applied, and Norma found herself shoved into the background. The assistant director came out of his office and began to pick the girls he wanted. He chose eight very quickly, then nine and ten without so much as a glance at Norma. Eleven. Only one more was needed. She realized that she must do something to attract his attention, and she did an obvious thing. She coughed. And with that cough her film career began, for the noise caught his ear. He looked in her direction and Norma flashed him a bright smile. "Twelve," he said. The twelfth girl was Norma Shearer.

### The Struggle for Stardom

THE JOB gave her three days work, but it gave her more than that—the right to demand that they stay in New York. Her film career had begun, but none too well.

The rest of the New York experience may be told in a paragraph, although it was much more than a paragraph in Norma Shearer's life, for during that time they went through the direst poverty as Norma slowly worked her way from extra work to bits, and then refused to take extra work again but posed for commercial artists when she could beg a job. Bits led to small parts, and these small parts brought her attention from the great of Hollywood. Hollywood wanted her and offered her a contract.

The first person she saw at the Mayer Studios was one Irving Thalberg—young, dynamic, the "little Napoleon" of the lots. She thought, upon first sight, that he was an office boy instead of an executive. And she had no idea that one day she would be married to him for marriage at that time was not a part of the Shearer scheme of things.

Norma would undoubtedly have been happier had she admitted romance into her life. She might have been a more well-rounded individual had she not given herself one task and shut out everything else from her existence. She had gone to New York not because she was impelled to be an actress, but because she knew she had to make a living and that seemed a way. Finding it not so simple, she remained only because she refused to go home defeated by weak wills, poverty and closed

studio doors. Now that she was at last in some measure secure with a contract, she was determined that she would not give up until she had hit the top. She had no "trouper" blood in her veins. It was sheer stubborn persistence that made her plan a battle for success with the cool efficiency of a business executive. Norma is a business woman first, an actress second. What is called "artistic temperament" is quite lacking from her nature. Instead, she possesses that driving power that gemmes of industry have. That's why there are never any mad tempestuous, purely emotional incidents concerning Norma Shearer.

She planned her days with the utmost precision—a certain amount of time spent in securing scripts for new pictures being cast, and begging directors to test her for parts in them, a certain number of hours spent in the local movie theatres to see what it was that fixed the stars in the film firmament, a certain part of each day given over to watching more competent actors at work.

Her stardom did not come overnight. "His Secretary," "The Devil's Circus," "Lady of the Night," "He Who Gets Slapped," "A Slave of Fashion" were some of the silent films that brought her recognition. And then, when she could at last take a breath of satisfaction and look back upon her early struggles, came the menace of the microphone.

### No Task Too Difficult

HOLLYWOOD, subject to panic at the slightest provocation, was thrown into real distress with the coming of "the talkies." No longer were pictures merely a trick of personality. No longer could stars depend upon a lift of the eyebrow, a slumbrous gaze, a seductive walk. Real technique was demanded. And dozens of film stars could not pass the test. In desperation most of them agreed that the sound film was "just a novelty... public won't accept it... craze will be over in a couple of weeks."

But a few wiser heads saw that the old order was changing and a new industry was being born. Among these clear-headed few was Norma Shearer. And Norma was fortifying her film castle by taking voice lessons and instructions in stage technique. Her brother, Douglas Shearer, had had various jobs at the studio. He now secured a position in the sound department, and Norma was a constant visitor in the new experimental laboratory. Thus, Norma got ready for her first talking picture, "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

It was just before the coming of the talkies, when Norma believed that her career struggles were about over, that she turned to love and Irving Thalberg, the young executive whom she had first thought an office boy. With that same cool efficiency that made her film career a success she set about the duties of being a wife. Certainly Thalberg, high strung, nervous, sensitive—is not the easiest man in the world to live with. But she was married in his religion, and plays the rôle of star at the studio and wife at home. Here Irving is "the boss" and Norma the docile, skilful, loving helpmeet.

It is at the studio that she works like a trained craftsman. When others are limp with exhaustion, Norma is fresh and calm. When nerves are strained to their utmost Norma is maddeningly meticulous. One during the making of "Strange Interlude" an important scene between Norma and Alexander Kirkland had been attempted fifteen times, but every time some of the complicated paraphernalia of motion picture mechanics had gone wrong. Just when tempers and temperaments were on the point of giving way entirely the scene went off with perfect smoothness. "That's fine," the director shouted. "Thank heaven we can go on to the next sequence."

But Norma turned to him. "I'd like to

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"do it over again, Bob," she said. "I think it would be more effective if I played it with an inner rather than an outer smile."

For that is how Norma works, as if a film were a piece of fine mosaic and each tiny bit of colored tile must be laid carefully beside other bits of colored tile. Her set workers find that no task is too difficult for her no tiniest bit of business too unimportant to be slighted. In the fitting room, at the photographer's gallery, she wears out those who serve her and always emerges cool, crisp and clean.

At the studio she knows her job. She had learned that by years of actual study. At home she is willing to turn the actual work over to those who know it better than she. Her servants are perfectly trained and, studio hours being as irregular as they are, are schooled to concoct a thoroughly adequate meal at a moment's notice. Her baby too, is entrusted to hands more skilful than Norma's.

Norma refuses to have pictures of the child taken, nor will she discuss the boy for

publication. He is being scientifically brought up, and when he was small Norma never talked the usual "baby talk" to him. She would occasionally bend over the crib and, looking up at those near her, say "Now, isn't he cute?" But she has never fussed over the baby and nothing has ever interfered with his schedule—his proper orange juice at the proper time, sun baths and naps without fail. He is a robust healthy little boy.

And that is the story of Norma Shearer no startling dramatic highlights, no brilliant flashes of triumph, just that slow steady, businesslike climb made by a woman who went about her success as systematically as a great machine. There is no other story like it to be found in the whole of Hollywood.

When asked once if she would do it over again, re-live the hardships, the struggles, the sacrifices of her early days, she said:

"I wouldn't advise anyone to try it, but I wouldn't take anything for the experience of having done it myself."

## My Four Years in Russia

Continued on page 18

One must, of course, always carry one's own teapot and supply of tea. Hot water may be secured at most stations. The black bread and cheese are hard enough to start with, but after nine days in the heat of a train it is impossible to get one's teeth into them and one must resort to "dunking." In summer travel in Russia is not so difficult, especially in the Siberian district. The southern parts such as Kazakhstan and Turkestan are not very enjoyable, due to the intense heat, the thermometer reaching as high as 124 degrees.

A custom that is difficult for foreigners is their system of putting men and women, strangers to one another, in the same compartment. On one long trip that I made into Siberia, three ladies were in the party. At our first stop, one room had been reserved for us with four beds in it, and I explained that it would be necessary for all four of us to sleep in this compartment. This gave the ladies quite a shock. Winter travel in Russia is even more uncomfortable, especially in the cold sections. I have known the water in the wash rooms to be frozen solid, making it necessary to wash and clean one's teeth with snow outside the train.

Beyond the larger centres the most annoying experience is not being able to get tickets or reservations until about time for the arrival of the train. Nine times out of ten the station chief will say he has not been able to get in touch with the train and therefore does not know what space is available. If you ask him what time the train will arrive, he probably will say he has no idea. I have waited as long as twenty-nine hours in a station, afraid to leave for fear I would miss the train.

These long delays cannot be laid to weather but in most cases to engines, so badly conditioned that sometimes it takes three of them to do the normal work of one. On one trip it took twenty-four hours to go twenty-six miles. I became so disgusted that I went up to the engine and, to my surprise, found the fireman pulling the fire. When I asked the reason for this, I was told that the boiler was leaking so badly that steam could not be kept up. I asked why they had not wired for another engine and was informed that already they had wired three times, but even if they secured another engine it might be in even worse shape. Upon our arrival at the next station, which was a junction point, I found that no passenger train had come through for two days. Every seat in the station was taken and, after standing for five hours, my secretary suggested that I get a shave, which would give me a chance to sit down for at least a few minutes. We both got everything that the barber could offer. When finally our

train arrived with three engines, the chief conductor told us he was already sixty per cent overloaded and it would be impossible for us to get on. We appealed to the station G. P. U. The latter ordered the conductor to take us on, but the only place available was with the train crew on wooden seats that were neither sanitary nor soft.

Another reason for the confusion and lack of information is the telegraph system. It is possible to send a telegram from Siberia to Moscow and arrive via train several days in advance of the telegram. This actually happened to me and when I protested I was told that I should have wired at least three times.

I have been asked many times why the through trains from Paris to the Russian frontier do not continue on through Russia to the eastern border. The main reason for a change at the Western border is that there is six inches difference in width between the European tracks and the Russian ones. This was an old Czarist idea for the protection of Russia against any foreign invasion, and naturally has been carried on by the present Soviet Government. Not only is it a great protection to a country in case of invasion but the cost of changing would not warrant the expense.

### Children Raised at Home

A GREAT DEAL has been said about the Government taking children away from parents and raising them in institutions. I never heard of such a thing in all my travels in the Soviet Union. On any project that I have been connected with, the Russians live exactly as we do. They have their own homes and their families with them. Of course these homes are not as pretentious as ours, especially outside the larger centres. Five or six people live in one room, and use a community kitchen which serves possibly five or six families.

Where a mother employed in a factory has a child of nursing age she takes it to the factory with her and leaves it in the nursery where a trained nurse looks after it until the mother is ready to go home. The factory stands all the expense. I believe this is one reason why people outside Russia believe that children are taken from their parents.

The many waifs that infested Moscow and other large cities, stealing, begging, etc., are now practically a thing of the past. I have not seen one during my travels for the past two years. The Government has put them into trade schools and I understand is making useful citizens of them.

Editor's Note: This is the second of these articles by Mr. Calder. The third will appear in an early issue.

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## Wheat in Egypt

Continued from page 9

Joseph stood weighing a thousand chances in his brain. It was Intel who asked:

"Who sits at council with the Pharaoh this early in the day?"

"Potiphar is there," the messenger replied, "and Hapsu-neheb who was formerly Grand Steward of Egypt."

Potiphar and Hapsu-neheb, his enemies as in a trance, Joseph raised his hand in dismissal. He watched the messenger go sheepish, he saw, was hurrying from the hall. The Pharaoh was turning his face from him. He stood alone. Nay he saw with a surge of thankfulness that Intel still waited beside him.

"Never before," Intel said gravely, "has the Pharaoh bade you to council this early ere the morning was past."

Joseph nodded.

"And but yesterday," Intel went on, "there were tumults in the broad Street of the Jewellers and the people cried out against the Pharaoh and against you. Danger waits, O Joseph."

Joseph paced away, pondering. He came back to Intel and looked deep into his eyes.

"Your tongue is sharp," he said. "Yet of all those about me, you are the only one in whom I can put trust." He drew a ring from his finger. "Here," he said, "is the signet of the Pharaoh. And in my palace by the Nile are soldiers I have hired—Shardana with mighty swords and great-thewed Libyans from the fens. Yet Potiphar is captain of the Pharaoh's guard and his soldiers encompass the palace."

Intel nodded. He took the ring.

"I understand," he said.

Joseph watched him leave the hall. He drew in a long breath and made ready to go.

"And what," demanded the captain of his guard, "am I to do with this rebel dog?"

Joseph looked at the old man grovelling on the floor and at Harkhuf's pale and stubborn face. With a weary wave of his arm he said:

Loose him and let him go."

ALL THE WAY to the Pharaoh's palace Joseph had pondered his problems. The problems that he must solve to keep his place with the Pharaoh. Wheat, the over-abundant, the exuberant wheat of Egypt, how was he to give back its price to wheat?

And how was he to meet the hatred of Potiphar and Hapsu-neheb, and make his uncertain place with the Pharaoh secure?

Yet, when he had come through the inner garden and had reached the door of the Pharaoh's council chamber, his pose was swift, alert. Brushing by the spearmen of Potiphar at the entrance, he lifted the curtain and stepped within. His eyes swept the room. Hapsu-neheb with his face of a fox and Potiphar, standing grim and dour. Others, too, Zoser whose caravans went up through Sinai to Canaan and beyond. Hotep whose painted galleys thronged the seaports of Egypt, and Merneptah, lord of the Upper Nile. Zoser and Hotep, he reflected briefly, he might win over to his plan, the plan that had reaped into his mind, so obvious, so simple that he wondered that no one had thought of it before. But the others—he bowed himself humbly and spoke to the weary, petulant face of the Pharaoh.

Thy servant, O Keeper of the Two Lands; thy slave, O Wearer of the Double Crown."

"You were long in coming," the Pharaoh stated.

"There was a clamor in my Hall of Judgment."

"Ave," the Pharaoh answered, frowning, and they tell me that Memphis seethes with tumult. Yet," he leaned forward balefully, "did you not promise me that all Egypt would prosper and that all men would call me blessed?"

Joseph saw that already the Pharaoh's mind was poisoned against him. Yet he knew that he could turn the Pharaoh. His

plan would change the man. Shifting as sand. But he looked at the grim face of Potiphar. Before launching his plan he must gain time, time for Intel.

"Surely," he said, smiling unbecomingly, "so many men of wisdom have found a road to prosperity for Egypt."

Potiphar looked at him blackly and Hapsu-neheb smiled his subtle smile. Merneptah spoke, not to Joseph but to the Pharaoh.

"Let there be O Majesty," the proud old noble said, "great works started by a pyramid it might be, or a dam to hold back the rising of the Nile. Thus shall there be work for all and those who are discontented will be herded into camps where the soldiers may keep watch over them."

Zoser shifted his heavy paunch.

"The scheme has merit in it," he rumbled.

"Yet who will bear the cost?" Hapsu-neheb enquired slyly. "Perchance you Zoser, and you, Hotep, will give of your treasure for the good of Egypt?"

Zoser shook his head, and Hotep, the cadaverous, the pious, snuffled.

"Nay, already has this depression cut our profits to nothing. Do not my ships lie idle in the harbor? Nay let the treasury of the Pharaoh bear the cost."

The Pharaoh struck his clenched hand on the arm of his chair.

"The treasury of the Pharaoh," he exclaimed angrily, "already it is in debt to Zoser and to Hotep. Nay, find out some other plan. What counsel you, Zoser?"

The shrewd eyes of Zoser were half closed.

"There is a glut of wheat in Egypt," he said. "Let us ask the princes of Syria and Phoenicia to take of our wheat and put a tax on that from other lands. So might the channels of trade be opened up."

"And the caravans of Zoser would travel at a profit," Hapsu-neheb commented. "Yet why do we dally thus?" He turned to Joseph. "Is not yonder Hebrew," he sneered, "steward to the Pharaoh? What is his counsel?"

THEY ALL LOOKED at Joseph. He felt the Pharaoh's eyes on him questioning. He glanced about him. Was that a shuffling of feet without the curtains at the door? He could not be sure.

"Wheat," he said, temporizing, "must have its price again. If the gods would but hold back the rising of the Nile."

"The gods," Hapsu-neheb interrupted strongly. "How shall one who is an Outlander approach the gods of Egypt?" He turned to the Pharaoh as a murmur of approval met his words. "I tell thee O Pharaoh," he said, "that the gods of Egypt are angry because an Outlander, a Hebrew, is set over Egypt. Beware lest they take vengeance on us."

Joseph saw the Pharaoh shrink back on his throne. He remembered suddenly how prone the Pharaoh was to superstition. There was danger here, danger that might sweep him, Joseph, from power.

"Who knows," he cried, stepping forward before the Pharaoh could speak, "by what name the gods would best be calmed? Perchance, my god, even Yahweh, is but another seeming for Amun-Ra."

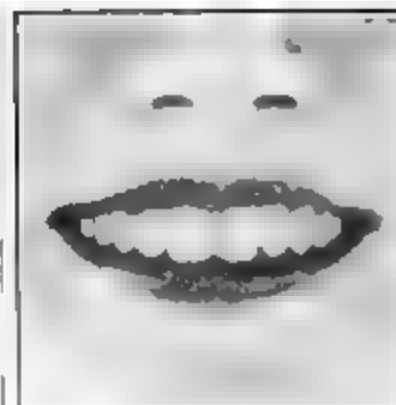
The Pharaoh looked at him, his face a mirror of irresolution. Hapsu-neheb rose to his feet, but Joseph stopped him.

"I have a plan," he exclaimed, "a plan that will save Egypt. Naught matters but the wheat. Give wheat its price again and Egypt will prosper. Am I not right, Zoser?"

Zoser nodded cautiously.

"Then," said Joseph, "let the Pharaoh take a fifth of the wheat of Egypt and seal it in great storehouses. Thus shall all the surplus of the wheat be put away as if it had never grown. The wheat that is left will have its price again, and all Egypt will prosper and men will call the Pharaoh blessed."

The treasury," Hapsu-neheb began.



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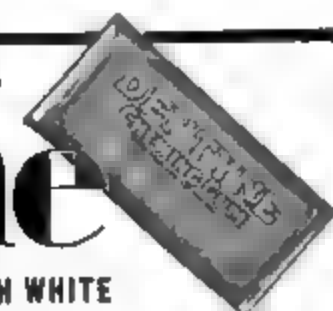
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But Joseph saw that the Pharaoh's face was bright and eager. Exultation to him. He had won back the Pharaoh.

No price," he swept on, "shall the Pharaoh pay for the fifth of the wheat. So shall the treasury be safe. And, he added slyly looking at Zoser and Hotep, a man who knew of this plan beforehand could make a great profit."

Zoser and Hotep nodded in approval. The Pharaoh rose from his throne.

Verily," he cried, "Amun Ra himself hath breathed wisdom into the heart of Joseph. He and none other shall be my Steward."

But now it stared at Joseph like a figure carved of stone. Hapsu-neheb said:

Yet, the gods

Be silent," the Pharaoh commanded. What healing did your wisdom bring to Egypt?

Hapsu-neheb folded his hands together and bowed low. But suddenly Potiphar strode forward, black and dour and Joseph caught his breath. "Before of Potiphar."

Nay, O Pharaoh," Potiphar growled, "we will not be silent. Too long has this stranger, this seducer, ruled over Egypt. This very day shall he be cast down."

Fury blazed into the Pharaoh's eyes. He raised his hand angrily. But Potiphar spoke again and his words were dark and weighted, the stones dropping into the waters of some deep and secret well.

Am I not captain of the Pharaoh's guard? Are not my soldiers sworn to my service? Do they not wait behind you curtain?

The Pharaoh lowered his hand slowly. "Do you," he whispered, "threaten me with Am Pharaoh?"

For now Potiphar replied grimly. Pharaoh's love met their fate because they would not hearken to the captains of their guard.

The threat was plain and Hapsu-neheb pressed forward.

Aye," he snarled. "Too long has this upstart held sway over Egypt. I am one with Potiphar. Give him into our hands or else there will be a new Pharaoh in Egypt."

THE PHARAOH looked about him helplessly.

Zoser Hotep. Mereneath?" he cried. They made no move. The Pharaoh saw, back into his chair staring at Potiphar's menacing bulk.

You see Joseph," he whispered. Joseph had seen Intef enter noiselessly and take his stand within the curtains. He turned to the Pharaoh.

Give me into their hands, O Mighty One," he challenged. "Did Potiphar call in his guards?"

Call them in Potiphar. The Pharaoh said heavily. Joseph, it seems, I must give up to you. Yet when the reckoning

My vengeance," Potiphar interrupted will make me strong.

But as he turned, he saw Intef standing there. For an instant he stared at him, and then, in a burst of puzzled anger, shouted for his guard. At his call soldiers came through the curtains, and the light flickered on their spearpoints and on their mighty swords.

Hapsu-neheb cried out and Potiphar fell back a step.

These," he stammered, "are not my soldiers."

Even now," Joseph explained softly, watching him, "your soldiers quell a tumult in the streets of Memphis, that turbulent city. Am I not right, Intef?"

Intef smiled.

But how?" Potiphar began.

Do I not," Joseph answered slowly, "bear the signet of the Pharaoh? And should not the soldiers of the Steward of Egypt guard the palace of the Pharaoh?"

Potiphar's uncertainty left him. Unsheathing his sword he broke it across his knee and flung the pieces clattering to the floor.

"Do with me," he growled, "as you will."

And, folding his arms, he stood, black-browed and dour. But Hapsu-neheb, after one frozen moment of terror, ran to fling himself at the Pharaoh's feet.

"Mercy," he cried. "Grant me mercy." The Pharaoh rose, his face dark with cruelty.

"I give you," he said, "into the hands of Joseph to lead to death, you and Potiphar. And the wheat of Egypt I put into the hands of Joseph to do with as he wills."

JOSEPH STOOD at the window of his palace. To his left beyond the feathered palms and the tall reeds was the Nile, and before him stretched the green fields toward Memphis. Joseph stared out over them. Five years had passed that day when Potiphar and Hapsu-neheb had come upon their doom. Five years since he had taken the wheat of Egypt into his hands. At first when he had stored up the surplus, the price of wheat had rushed upward and there had been a feverish burst of prosperity. But the next year and the next the Nile had risen high and the mass of the stored-up wheat grew and grew. Nor could Joseph sell it either in Egypt or in the lands outside Egypt. All over the world there was a glut of wheat. So, now after five years, wheat was again as cheap as dirt and the depression had returned threefold.

If I could but rid myself of this stored-up wheat," Joseph muttered, and glanced for an instant at Harkhuf and Intef sitting in gloomy silence around the table of citron wood. They could not help him though Intef was shrewd, though Harkhuf had become a great power among the common folk of Egypt. Joseph turned back to the window and thought of what he had seen in his last journey through Egypt: the shops closed, the caravans in wretched poverty, bands of masterless men in the fields robbing where they could and running when they must, and in the great cities sullen throngs listening to orators who shrieked that they must take up spear and sword, must sweep away the Hebrew and all his works.

They did not remember, Joseph reflected bitterly, that he had done for them all he could. Had he not begun great roads and dams to give them work, until Zoser and Hotep refused him money? And he had given out sheep and cattle for breeding until now cattle and sheep were as plentiful and as worthless as wheat. He had left no plan untried. But the wheat stopped him. Each year it grew rank and tall. Each year the unused flood of it poured into the storehouses. Wheat! At times he dreamed that he was stifling in it, drowning in its fire-red mass.

"Some way to rid myself of it," Joseph muttered again.

Behind him Harkhuf questioned.

"What of this conference, this meeting of the princes from Babylon and Syria and Phoenicia. That was heralded to be salvation for Egypt?"

Joseph did not heed him. Out of the garden had come the sound of a woman's voice singing. Asenath, daughter to Potiphar, high priest of On and keeper of the ancient wisdom of Egypt, whom he had taken to wife in the first days of his success.

How gracious she was, how lovely. His eyes were adream as he listened. Intef stole a glance at him and smiled critically at Harkhuf.

Are you so childish?" he asked, "as to think that this will bring aid to the poor of Egypt? Each prince strives to win some advantage for his country and himself. Preferences we have for the glassware and the linen and the toy crocodiles of Egypt that open their jaws when children pull a string. Cedar we will bring in from Lebanon and now here else and grant preferences to enamel of Babylon and to purple dye from Phoenicia and to jesters and dwarves from Ethiopia. But as for the wheat, no one will have sight of it. Like a mighty mountain the gathered wheat presses down on Egypt. Preferences! We will pay more for the goods from foreign lands. Zoser and Hotep will grow the richer and the poor of Egypt poorer. A child can see it."

The lifting song had ceased. Joseph turned from the window wondering what would happen to Asenath if he were swept from power. He heard Harkhuf growl.

Not for long can I keep the workers

quiet. They starve and go naked, and see Zoser and Hotep and their like clad in fine linen and eating from platters of gold and silver. Can Joseph not do something?"

JOSEPH WALKED over to the table and, putting his hands on it, leaned on it heavily.

"Zoser and Hotep have the money," he said. "They, not I, rule Egypt. Can the people not comprehend?"

"The people," Harkhuf answered reluctantly, "blame the one they see. They will rise and crush you, Joseph. Can you not blot out the load of debts? Or raise the prices of goods so that the price of wheat too, will rise? Or take the money and stamp it at twice its value so that there will be double the amount?"

Joseph laughed bitterly.

"All this and more," he replied. "I have asked of Zoser and Hotep. They will not listen. They bid me reduce wages yet again and to tell the people to scrape their dishes cleaner when they eat."

Then Harkhuf exclaimed, jumping to his feet, "ere long the streets of Memphis will run with blood."

"What is this talk of blood?" a calm voice asked.

Joseph looked up. Potipharah, his frail hands quiet, his parchment face calm, had come into the room.

Harkhuf has come to tell me. O my father," he answered, "that the people will rise and sweep me from power. And I can do nothing. My hands are chained." He held them out. "See Zoser is the lock on one and Hotep on the other. And over my head hangs the mountain of the stored-up wheat." He turned away. "Ah, if I could but blot out the wheat, then I might win free."

Last year," Harkhuf remarked, "you bade the peasants sow less wheat."

"And each one in secret," Intef commented, "strove to sow more than his neighbor."

"I have said it before," Harkhuf burst out. "I say it again. Burn this stored-up wheat. What good is it? We do not need it for food. And while it rests in the great storehouses wheat can have no price. Aye, and burn the surplus of the wheat each year."

Joseph paced away, pondering.

"On wind and rain and weather," Potipharah remarked, "and not on the plans of men depends the wheat. Did you know that there is drouth in Ethiopia?"

Joseph did not seem to hear him. But Intef looked up sharply.

"Drouth in Ethiopia?" he questioned.

"Once in the days of old," Potipharah went on calmly, "there was drouth in Ethiopia, so holy Nile did not rise." Joseph turned sharply.

"And," Potipharah concluded, "there was famine in Egypt."

Famine in Egypt! Intef exclaimed, rising to his feet. Potipharah knows the secret lore of Egypt, Joseph. And within a fortnight is the rising of the Nile. But if Nile rises not

"If Nile does not rise," Joseph repeated. He wheeled on Harkhuf. "It is a chance, he cried. "Can you keep the people quiet for a little space?"

Harkhuf shook his head dubiously.

"If famine comes," Joseph pleaded, "he who holds the stored-up wheat will hold Egypt in the hollow of his hand. Zoser and Hotep will not escape me then. Grant me a little time."

A little time," Harkhuf agreed, "I will win for you."

IT WAS three years later. No longer were the fields about Memphis rich with the green of springing wheat and barley, or bright with the luxuriant verdure of the vine. The very Nile itself was a filthy trickle, and the caked mud of its encroaching banks stank with rotting fish and the decaying bulk of crocodile and river horse. For in these years Nile had not risen and the land was dry and parched and barren. Famine hovered over Egypt, and all over the land the soldiers of Joseph stood by the great storehouses, and the scribes of Joseph

doled out the gathered wheat of the years of plenty, and the people of Egypt crawled before them. The poor brought tickets of burnt clay to show that they had worked where and when Joseph willed. But the rich emptied out their treasures, and when their money and their jewels were gone they bartered their lands and their houses and their slaves to Joseph for the life-giving wheat. And when Joseph drove along the streets of Memphis the folk bowed down and said:

"Lo, there is Joseph. Joseph who holds the bread of life. Joseph who is as a god in Egypt."

So, on this morning when the sun blazed hot in a pitiless sky, Joseph sat proud and confident in his Hall of Judgment in Memphis. Intef and Harkhuf stood behind him, and before him the wealthy nobles clustered about Zoser and Hotep and looked up at him in fear and anger.

"Never again," Hotep wailed, "will men loan money if you dishonor debts and contracts, Joseph."

Never again," Joseph answered, "will there be need of loans and money in Egypt."

Zoser spat violently on the tessellated floor.

"What of the untold wealth," he asked, "that I and Hotep loaned to the treasury in the days of the depression? You will, at least, give us of the wheat in return for it?"

"The wealth you loaned," Harkhuf broke in, "was garnered from the sweat and the suffering of the people of Egypt. Why should Egypt pay it back?"

Joseph silenced him with a gesture.

"I have said," he pointed out calmly, "that all debts are canceled. If you would eat of the wheat, have you not lands and slaves and palaces?"

Zoser stared up at him, speechless with anger. But a young noble, face dark and intense, pushed forward.

"The common folk," he cried, "are already in thrall to you. Will you make us, the nobles, your slaves as well?"

"Be silent, Rames," Hotep pleaded.

"I will not be silent," Rames answered. "When we have bartered all our possessions then he will demand our bodies. We the nobles of Egypt, shall all be slaves to this dog of a Hebrew—this dog who holds the wheat that we must have to live."

Joseph leaned back.

"There is now," he said calmly, "no wheat in Egypt save the wheat that is massed in my storehouses. And there are many who would buy that wheat. In Canaan and beyond there is famine. Aye, there are many who will buy the wheat if you do wish it."

Do not drive us too far," Rames flung up at him. "We are desperate men."

"The soldiers of Joseph," Intef remarked casually, "are fed fat on food and wine and women. They follow Joseph alone."

And the common folk," Harkhuf added, "worship him as a god."

Zoser had been regarding Rames covertly. He made an almost imperceptible gesture to him and turned to Joseph.

"Tell us," he said in a voice that he forced to reasonableness, "what you will do with Egypt."

Joseph rose and came down a step on the dais.

"I see a new Egypt," he said, "a state where there will be neither rich nor poor but where all men shall be equal and all the land and the houses and the wealth shall belong to the Pharaoh."

"And the Pharaoh," Zoser sneered, coming closer, Rames at his elbow, "is Joseph."

"The Pharaoh," Joseph said to him coldly, "shall parcel out the land and the wealth at rental to whom he will. If you like it not there are other lands than Egypt. Or perchance, those who trouble Egypt will be cast forth from Egypt."

They seemed to quail before his gaze. With a shrug of his shoulders Joseph turned to ascend the dais. He heard a shout from Harkhuf and whirled round. Rames was leaping on him with upraised dagger. Joseph sprang back, tripped on the step and fell sprawling. Prostrate, he saw above him the

dark, impassioned face of Rames and his upflung weapon. He had time to think with curious detachment that this was the end of all his planning, of all the power that the wheat had brought him, and then Rames's face disappeared and feet tramped over him. When Joseph rose he saw that it was Intef who had saved him, thrusting Rames away as the dagger was about to fall. Now Rames lay in a pool of his own blood and the nobles were huddled together, the guard around them. Joseph adjusted his headress.

"Let Zoser," he said, "be led to prison. As for the rest, cast them forth from Egypt."

ONCE MORE the Nile rose full and strong and once more the fields of Egypt were lush and green. In the streets of Memphis the tradesmen cried their wares lustily and from the tiny shops came the clink-clink of the goldsmiths' hammers and the harsh rasp of saws and the songs of the potters as they spun their wheels. And down the broad Street of the Jewellers footmen in colored headcloths ran and cried:

"Way for Joseph. Way for the blessed of Heaven."

Heavier Joseph was with the years and his hair was greying at the temples. But his face was calm with the calmness of assured power, and he drew himself up to receive the plaudits of the people.

"Who is this Joseph?" a stranger with the pigtail and the beaked nose of the Hittites questioned, looking at the chariot of ivory and gold and the high-stepping steeds that drew it, "that they cheer so loud?"

His neighbor, an old man with shrunken face and ragged robes, looked at him sideways.

"Do you not know?" he asked. "He is a Hebrew who is Lord of Egypt."

"How should a Hebrew come to power?"

"He is a man of wheat."

## Child of the Heart

Continued from page 28

"Darling, as though you had to tell me that!"

But the girl went on. She was weeping now and her shoulders trembled.

"I've never had a home. I've had to knock about here and there and these last years it's been in cheap city rooms. And when I came into this beautiful house, it just sort of showed me up. Don't you see, I wouldn't know how to fit into Jack's life? I'd be a disgrace to him and to you, and I couldn't bear that. So I

She stopped a moment to gain control and then went on.

"So I decided what I'd do. I came up here and looked into all the rooms—just so I could remember them—and the linen closet I cried over that, Mrs. Mortimer. I didn't know people really put sheets away in lavender. I even looked in your bureau drawer here to see how a real lady like you keeps her things. Then I—I took what I wanted and ran. It seems so terrible now but I never meant to see Jack again. Never."

Jack came close to her.

"Fay, you're completely overwrought. As to all this nonsense about fitting in with my life, wherever you live is good enough for me provided you let me live with you. So that's that. Come, I'll take you back now and we'll talk things over quietly together. But

He hesitated and Mrs. Mortimer saw the color rise in his cheeks.

"Will you not return to my mother what you have that is hers?"

They seemed to quail before his gaze. With a shrug of his shoulders Joseph turned to ascend the dais. He heard a shout from Harkhuf and whirled round. Rames was leaping on him with upraised dagger. Joseph sprang back, tripped on the step and fell sprawling. Prostrate, he saw above him the

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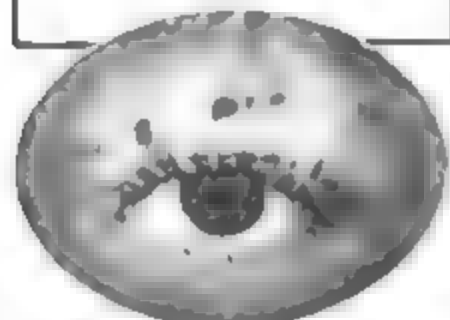
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### Bank Interest An Error

In an article "Forgotten Money," published in *Maclean's*, June 1, I made a misstatement of fact which I hasten to correct. It is: "If an account is untouched for five consecutive years the banks are freed of liability to pay interest on the money."

This is not the case. On the contrary the banks are never freed of full responsibility to pay interest on all interest-bearing deposits, regardless of how long they may be forgotten. In an article in *Maclean's* in 1932 I stated the position accurately, and the error in the second article was due to an effort to compress two sets of facts into one sentence.

The Bank Act does permit banks to forego the allocation of interest during the period which an account is unclaimed, but it does not remove the responsibility for paying the interest when and if the deposit is claimed.—Grant Dexter

### Here

You win. After a struggle I find that I can do without smoking in preference to not having *Maclean's*. As you have been told before "It's the best in Canada."—F. H., Delburne, Alta.

**A Correction from J. S. Woodsworth**  
In the June 15 edition of *Maclean's* under the title "Backstage at Ottawa" it is suggested that the Honourable E. L. Patenaude has been chosen as the leader of the C. C. F. in Quebec.

Let me say that the Federation of Labor Clubs, which, according to the press, is now headed by Mr. Patenaude, has had at no time any connection whatever with the C. C. F. It is very unfair that such an inaccurate statement should be broadcast through your magazine. I should be glad if you would correct this. J. S. Woodsworth, President, The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation.

### Fight for Peace

Take the profits out of the manufacture of armaments and you take a real step toward the peace of the world. Saving pacts and agreements is all right, but pacts and agreements are, after all, only scraps of paper.

If the world is to enjoy real and lasting peace, we must all take our part in obtaining it. All too frequently people take a "What an I do?" attitude. Well there is something that every one of us can do—and that is, elect men to public offices who are ready and willing to fight for peace and are willing to fight hard for it.

It augurs well that the young people are beginning to take some real interest in peace, as was shown not long ago when students of different universities made declarations to the effect that, should a war occur they would not fight. It is to be hoped that these young people will do more than sign pacts that they won't fight, that they will see to it that the causes of war are removed, so that they will not be called upon to fight.

It is encouraging to see a magazine like *Maclean's* backing a real fight for peace. I hope that everyone who reads the article by Lieut. Col. Drew will make up his mind to fight for peace. We must remember that this is an age of democracy—every one of us is responsible for a future war. If we want peace badly enough we can get it, but not without an effort. Fred, W. Gordon, H. A. Tex.

### Thank You

Your article "Hell's General Staff" was a splendid step in the right direction. B. H. Scott, Fort William, Ont.

### Noel Proteats

We are not condemning *Maclean's*, but the errors in "Punkly Tides" must be pointed out. The greater part of the article deals with Noel, and in no friendly way. The author is in error when he figures the population at 100 souls. It is nearer 300, not counting East Noel, two miles away.

He does not believe there are 1,000 people who have ever heard of Noel. There are thousands of people in Nova Scotia alone who have heard about it. Yes, and in the old shipbuilding days thousands were present to see some of the finest sailing ships ever built launched.

Is Mr. Chambers aware that Noel held the world's spotlight for more than nine days in 1931, when the mail airplane from the deck of the German liner *Bremen* crashed in Noel Bay? Is he aware that the noted marathon runners, MacGillan and McAuley, have carried the name of Noel to the U.S.A. and Europe? He also speaks of it being forsaken, miles away from the railroad. He does admit it is about one hour's motor car drive from Truro, that in coming across the ferry from Black Rock to Matland, Noel is only nine miles from Kennetcook Corner on the D. A. R. and we can leave by the morning train and arrive in Saint John, N.B., by 6 p.m.

We have two mails a day, which is not so antediluvian for an isolated and forsaken part of the world.—Fair Play, Noel, N.S.

### Abey' Captain Dingle!

In the illustration, on pages 16-17 of your June 1 issue, according to the title, and the story, "the liner slowed to windward." Not being a sailor or an artist, I may of course, be "all wet" but personally I think she's slowing down to leeward. What say you? Something else I don't like. It's the story this time. If the two vessels touched for only "half a breath" I don't really think that "a hundred feet of the steamer's rail" could be stripped off, considering one was a big liner and the other the hulk of a sailing ship about to sink and of necessity low down in the water. H. Lewis, Montreal.

### More About Prairie Furs

I was amused to read George B. Brown's statement, and congratulate him on having been so lucky as to wear a buffalo coat in 1880, when there were none made at the time.

The only man I knew of having one at that time was the late George Fisher. He lived at Lebreton and was very well off. He was a big American trader. He got a buffalo coat made in the States from buffalo robes which he had bought in Canada.

About the price of furs I have seen skunk skins brought for \$1.25 in 1880; fox skins for \$2.50; lynx I have seen as high as \$7. These prices were paid right at Fort Qu'Appelle by the late William Finnelly, who was then a merchant. Robert A. Welsh, Regina.

### Read "House of Hate"

I have been reading with much interest the article, "Beating Back," by an ex-convict. I admire this writer for the frank account he has given of his stay at the Kingston Penitentiary. I had no idea that conditions there were so bad. Without doubt at least nine tenths of the Canadian people are as ignorant as I am in this regard. And why should they remain in the dark when they pay taxes to support this institution? It is high time that we were waking up.

I wish to commend you for publishing this article in your magazine. By so doing, you are educating the public.—Alice Fryer Brantford, Ont.

### Is Transatlantic Aviation Necessary?

Flight Lt. J. D. M. Gray, late R.C.A.F., states that "the possibilities of transatlantic aviation are so apparent, so far-reaching, that no patriotic Canadian likes to be left out, etc."

Will he, or some other aviation enthusiast, please outline these possibilities, also the "need," either future or present, for transatlantic aviation?

Leaders in international affairs, finance, and business can swing any deal by code telegraph or radio telephone from their desks or firesides. What freight exists, or will exist, which imperatively "must" cross in less than four days, as by fastest boat? The same applies to passengers of all types or ages, who may at present enjoy social contacts and comforts even greater than most homes.

Compare the Viking trail with a glorious crossing in the *Empress of Britain* even in winter, in a little over four days. And we are simply asked to "forget the discomforts!"

With all due respect to brave men, living and dead, I venture that the "man in the street," far from being a "shivering sceptic," believes that present conditions are practically the ultimate of comfort and dispatch. The necessity for tremendous personal speed of action is greatly overrated.—N. W. C., Vancouver

### High Tide

The author of the good article, "Tides of Fundy" dwells on the tidal height at Noel. I am under the impression that to the Petitcodiac this honor should be given. The extreme rise and fall takes place twice a year and as measured from low water at that time to high water. For when we have the extreme of the one we also have the extreme of the other. But the direction of the wind makes all the difference in the world—witness the "Saxby" gale. A glance at the map shows Cape Spit standing athwart Minas Channel. Chignecto Bay is more open to wind and tide.

Aside from this, some future day will witness at Cape Spit the greatest power plant in the world.

Also the article speaks of a rise and fall at Saint John of ten feet. I cannot think that is correct for at the very entrance to Fundy is Passamaquoddy Bay. Naturally there would be less rise and fall than at Saint John. Some years back it was proposed to erect a large power plant as Nature had so laid out the bay as to make possible a development of 500,000 horsepower. If the head were no more than that at Saint John, the plan would never have been considered. I understand the sardine industry upset the power applicator.—H. A. Chase, Sydney, N.S.

### Musical Instruments

Regarding the article "Salesman of Music," there is no Stradivarius instrument used at present by the musical combination mentioned in that article, and the market value of the four instruments—consisting of two Guarneri and two of less known Italian make—has been exaggerated about eight fold.—E. P. Granger Onilah, Ont.

### A Sprig o' Heather

Perhaps it may be an illusion, but the stories in *Maclean's* have for me a breezier, fresher note than British stories possess—more irresponsibility and action. Your writers believe in writing of characters as men and women, not as complexes writhing in too, too solid flesh.

Wishing you as great success in the future as you enjoy at present.—Mrs. H. McGregor, Aberdeen, Scotland.

## House of Hate

Continued from page 11

But that was merely my first view; my satire with which I came to know "K.P.", before the stark truth, the relentless inevitability of that monster of steel and stone had burned its hopeless and embittered purpose into my understanding.

STRANGE and wonderful is it not, how quickly our tastes and desires change or accommodate themselves to new conditions. An hour before, I had possessed all those trifles that a man cherishes on his person. Now I was as destitute as the veriest pauper. Then suddenly the joy of a new possession came to me. The guard issued us our supplies. Picture us, if you can, divested of all our belongings, matches, tobacco, pipes, stranded like castaways on a desert island or travellers at a railway station with their baggage lost. Hands and pockets empty, we were standing in line, and then, with a truly regal largesse, the guard handed us each one new and good toothbrush, one envelope of camphorated chalk, one brown and serviceable pipe and one whole package of pipe tobacco. I received these gifts with amazement and joy. I felt rich.

"Now I've explained the system of cells to you," the guard was saying, "and I've told you your cell numbers. See if you can go to your cells by the shortest route."

I was struck with sudden alarm. I had not paid sufficient attention to the instructions.

My concern was needless. We six new fish were all on the same range, and the range number was clearly pointed on the wall and easily visible from where we stood in hesitant uncertainty. So, up one stair we tramped, circled half round the balcony and up a second flight, till three flights of circling and climbing brought us to range four. Decision as to the cell was easy, for above number sixteen, and printed on blue to indicate that my religion was protestant, I found a card that gave my name and address. Marvelling at the perfection of the system, I stepped inside and in accordance with the guard's instructions, pulled the steel barred door shut. It went into place with a sharp click. I was home!

Five other successive clicks along the range assured me that my five companions had each found his home. Each of us, caught by the soulless mechanical monster, was securely locked in, and that without the touch or key of a guard.

The cell walls are smooth concrete, painted grey. The concrete floor is unpainted and bare. A feeble electric light is fixed high on the ceiling. There is a brass wash basin in the corner, with running water. We were told not to use this water for drinking, as it comes from the lake and the sewage disposal is close to the intake. There is a white toilet devoid of wooden seat. A small table fastened to the wall is painted blue. There is a peep hole in the back wall. Apparently a passage exists between the two rows of cells. I suppose the guards use this passage and peep hole for spying. I fancy it is necessary.

The inevitable Gideon bible adorned the small shelf above the table. As fitting companion, there stood beside it a notice board setting forth the rules. For pleasant contrast, a library catalogue offered a selection from over 15,000 volumes of books and bound magazines. Every class of literature was available.

A looped strap tacked to a small board held one fork, one small spoon and one large spoon. The latter had a curious tip. It was divided into small points, like embryonic prongs of a fork. There was no knife. I grinned. Inmates have to get along without dinner knives. A dinner knife, if industriously rubbed on the concrete floor, can be brought to an effective edge that can cut your own throat neatly, or perhaps someone else's throat.

There is, in "K.P." a form of punishment known as "hard bed." It consists of taking away an inmate's mattress and compelling him to sleep on the bed frame. This punish-

ment is in reality one of the many forms of satire with which the institution is unconsciously infested, for the beds, even with the mattresses, are mercilessly adamant. Folded up on lunge against one wall of the cell was this satire that serves for sleep. It was crisscrossed with flat ribbons of steel that posed as springs.

Above this archaic instrument of nightly torture, blankets hung from pegs. There were three blankets, one sheet, one pillow slip, and each, I found, was marked with a tag bearing my number. I was surprised. I examined my towel, boots, slippers, handkerchief, and found that each was numbered either by a rubber stamp or by a tag sewn on. Then I remembered my clothing, socks, underwear and shirt all tagged and stamped with my own particular number.

I began to count up the number of tags. Allowing for change of shirts, socks, etc. there would be at least fifty different articles on each of which a tag had been sewn and each tag impressed four times with the numbering stamp. Two hundred impressions per man and six new men in, meant three hundred tags or twelve hundred impressions. And each tag had to be on the garment specially measured for a specified man.

And all in one hour. Good old "K.P." Some system!

THE BELL rings. There is a murmur of voices and a shuffling of feet in the hallways and on the stairs. The men are coming in from the workshops. Several slouch past the bars of my cell. I hear their cell gates click locked. Water splashes in basins, lavatories flush noisily. Social niceties are a bit raw in a penitentiary. There is not much talking. I imagine the men are too dispirited.

The sun is striking into my cell. This must be unusual. I have a feeling that the authorities have overlooked this occurrence, or they would have it stopped. It will soon be cut off by the slate-ridged roof. Already I am hungry for sun. I am sure I am committing a crime, but I rapidly strip off my clothes and by crouching and twisting manage to expose most of my anatomy to the rays. The window glass is up because it is a warm day, so I am able to enjoy direct sunlight. I derive a double enjoyment: a sun bath and the thrill of the certainty that the bath is contraband. I get my first taste of conviving—I have stolen a sun bath! I feel that I have put something over on the Government. Funny idea that. Why should I want to put something over on the Government?

I have barely got my coat on when the bell begins to ring. I know it is for us to go to get our supper, but I am a prey to some concern as to which one of the several rings is the signal for our range. I know that I have to be standing at the door of my cell and must press against the bars at a certain time in order to open it when the automatic locks are released. All our meals are to be eaten alone in our cells. This is a surprise.

Suddenly I heard the warning tap, tap down my range. I sprang to press against the bars. I was too late. The taper—an inmate who ran down the range throwing up the catches on the cell locks—dashed past. My door remained locked. Men from the adjoining cells were out and passing by my door. I had momentary visions of spending a supperless night. I was hungry. Even the prospect of bread and water attracted me. Crooking my fingers through the bars, I tried to lift the catch, on the theory that as the master lock must be off the cell lock would be free. I could not even touch the catch, let alone move its several pounds of weight.

Perched up in a sort of rostrum on the far wall, reached by climbing up a steep steel ladder was a guard. Seeing my predicament he clapped his hands. The flow of men past my cell door stopped. Not a word was spoken, but the guard pointed at my cell and one of the nearest men tipped the lever and the door opened to my pressure. I stepped out gladly on to the railed balcony.

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It may seem innocuous to destroy the popular idea of a convict "languishing in his lonely cell" or sitting, head in hands upon his bed lamenting his sins and cursing his accusers. These emotions doubtless occur but I got no such impression on my first night. Quite the reverse. There was, in

"You don't know, eh? Well, who else would know? Anyway, up with you, up on that grid and dust it." Again the cane

Qd r p.

"I'm a fool," explained the forger in heartfelt self-condemnation. "It's a good racket I got. I can knock off two grand (\$2,000) per week easy. Trouble with me is I don't know when to move on. You got to keep moving in my line. I stayed a little too long in Toronto and them little police boys caught up on my tracks and knocked me off. Oh, well. I only got eight months and a bit to do and then . . ." The forger leaned meditatively on his broom handle. "What you in for?" he asked.

And though the aching years divide  
Old things serene and sweet,  
Above the dark their beauty shines,  
A lamp unto my feet.

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filling and rolling in the same way. Wrap the roll in waxed paper and place in the refrigerator to chill, then cut in thin slices for serving.

To make ribbon sandwiches all make slices of buttered brown and white bread, one on top of the other, with different fillings, if you like, between the slices. Tie tightly with wax paper, put a weight on the package, chill and cut down in thin slices.

Checkerboard sandwiches are a bit fussy. But if you like to fuss, cut slices of white and brown bread one-half inch thick, butter them or spread with soft filling, then lay a slice of brown between two of the white and press together. Now make another having the white slices between the two brown. Cut each of these piles into one-half inch slices. Alternate them, that is, lay a slice of the two white and one brown on a slice with the white bread centre. Cover again with a brown centre slice. Press together, roll tightly in wax paper and chill. Cut into one-quarter-inch slices for serving.

Open-face sandwiches have been described as a tiny slice of bread, often decorated on one side, with anything in the world as a topping. Hardly that perhaps, but it is true you can have them as varied as you please and as decorative as your artistic sense will allow.

Sandwiches need not be a last-minute job. You can make them in advance, do them up in neat packages and roll in wax paper, or wrap them in a quite damp table napkin and keep in a cool place. There are many occasions when they will be the *pièce de résistance* of the feast, and if well made, attractively garnished and arranged there will be much repassing of the platter no matter what other dainties are on the menu.

### Club Sandwich

Cut white bread in slices one-quarter inch thick. Use three slices for each sandwich and toast lightly. Spread with creamed butter which has been seasoned with salt, pepper, cayenne, a little lemon juice and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Lay a crisp, dry lettuce leaf on the first slice, spread lightly with mayonnaise and cover with thin slices of white meat of chicken. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with the second slice of toasted bread, spread on both sides with the seasoned butter. On this place a layer of thinly sliced, firm tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with strips of crisp bacon or thin slices of cold ham. Top with the third slice of toasted bread. Trim and cut diagonally. Serve with whole gherkins or olives or a cucumber ring filled with dressing.

### Hot Open Sandwich

Cut bread in slices one-quarter inch thick and remove the crusts. Spread with creamed butter seasoned with mustard, salt, pepper, cayenne and a little Worcestershire sauce. Cover with thinly sliced Cheddar cheese, and on the cheese place slices of tomato. Season to taste and arrange two slices of bacon over the top of each. Place

under the broiler for five to eight minutes or until the bacon crisps and the cheese softens.

### Savory Sandwich Fillings Suitable for Entertaining

Very thinly sliced tongue, crisp watercress seasonings.

Three ounces of white cream cheese creamed with one tablespoonful of lemon juice and mixed with one-quarter pound of finely chopped salted almonds.

Finely chopped chicken or lobster seasoned, combined with a little lemon juice and moistened with mayonnaise.

Hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine, moistened with mayonnaise and combined with chopped watercress.

Four parts of finely diced cucumber drained, and one part of shredded coconut chopped, moistened with mayonnaise. Drain for a few minutes and spread.

### Sweet Sandwich Fillings

Cottage cheese and grape jelly between slices of whole wheat bread.

Equal parts of chopped preserved ginger and chopped pecans, one-quarter as much ginger syrup, a little vinegar, and orange marmalade to make of spreading consistency.

Twelve large dates put through the food chopper with one-quarter cupful of nuts or mixed with one-quarter cupful of peanut butter. Moistened with honey. Whole wheat bread or Boston brown bread.

Finely chopped raisins and nuts, combined and moistened with grape juice.

### Two Fillings That May Be Prepared and Kept on Hand

- 2 Cupfuls of tomatoes, canned or stewed
- ½ Pound of dried beef
- ½ Pound of cheese
- 1 Egg
- Cayenne

Heat the tomatoes to boiling, strain and combine the juice with the dried beef and cheese which have been put through the grinder. Cook, stirring constantly for three minutes. Combine with the beaten egg, add the cayenne and cook for one minute.

Keep in a cool place in a covered jar and use with lettuce leaves, moistening the mixture with tomato juice if it dries out.

- 1 Green pepper
- 1 Small can of pimientos
- 2 Packages of cream cheese
- 1 Cupful or less of chopped walnuts
- Salt

Put the green pepper and pimientos through the food chopper, drain and combine with the creamed cheese. Mix well, add the walnuts and salt to taste. Put in a covered jar in the refrigerator. Use with or without lettuce on brown or white bread.

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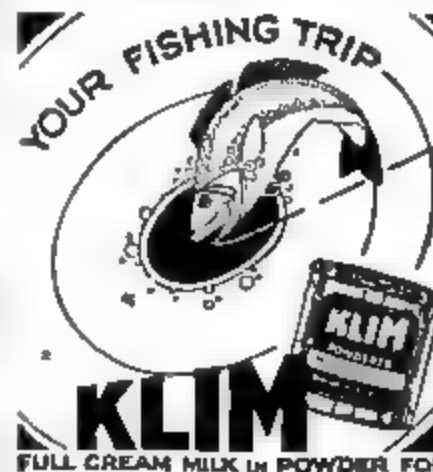
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wiry quiet spoken, the man who has bred that has pushed aviation into the top most corners of the continent.

The machine is ready. The nose is pushed out from the shore. The aircraft drifts idly on the glassy waters slowly swinging into the light breeze that is just commencing to ripple the surface. A few turns of the hand starter and the 180-horsepower Lynx engine fills the air with vibrating sound echoing and re-echoing down the length and breadth of the island studded lake. Uhlman tastes out turns and gives her the gun. The little ship plows forward slowly at first then rocks up on to her step. This type, a 1928 model flying boat of Canadian design though obsolescent in many structural features, still possesses remarkable ability to rise from the water in less than a third of the distance required by the more modern cabin seaplanes. A short run, gathering speed, and the pilot pulls her off.

The second machine is now refueled and ready to leave. A forest ranger sits in the front cockpit surrounded by blankets, grab axes, tools and equipment. Another ranger rides in the rear passenger seat alongside the pilot. Flying Officer Marlowe Kennedy starts his engine and climbs down into the pilot's cockpit to take the controls. Why do I tack these air-force ranks on to each name, you ask? These pilots, though employed by a civil government air service, are on the reserve of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Marlowe Kennedy is of the younger generation of post war trained Canadian pilots. For four years a detachment commander in charge of an R C A F photographic detachment, he has mapped thousands of square miles of this broad Dominion.

Kennedy nurses his aircraft off the water, executes a sweet turn over the shoreline and roars away off up the Winnipeg River. The chances are he will have to set his ship down in some little pot hole or narrow winding river when he reaches his destination. Transporting rangers to a fire necessitates dropping them as close as possible to the scene of their labors, and more often than not leaves little choice in the way of a landing area. For this reason, one out of every five landings a forestry pilot makes is virtually a forced landing, requiring the utmost skill and judgment, not so much as regards the ability to get into these tight places as the doubly difficult job of getting out of them again.

So much has been written concerning the night flying activities of mail and passenger airlines that a general impression exists that an airplane is as much at home in the dark as in daylight. It must be remembered, however, that the night flights referred to are carried out over organized airways with beacon lights at every ten miles of the route, radio beams to assist navigation, and flood-lighted airports to land on. None of these facilities exist in the bush. The forestry pilot, compelled under pressure of urgent necessity to fly after dusk, faces a hazardous task. If you would essay the experience of landing an airplane after sundown, try shutting off your headlights some dark night while you're driving your car down a steep hill at fifty-miles an hour.

### Flying Through Smoke

IN ADDITION to the main base at Lac du Bonnet, the M G A S, once maintained a base at Cormorant Lake, forty-two miles north of The Pas, where as many as five forestry planes were stationed. That was in the days when aircraft were used for the detection of fires and flew regular patrols for the purpose. In all, it required fifteen planes to carry out this work in the Province of Manitoba. This proved too expensive. In 1931 a system of steel towers with lookouts was established to supersede detection craft. Now the airplane is employed solely for fire suppression, the transportation of rangers, supplies and equipment. As previously pointed out, however, over thirty-four per cent of the fires reported last year were spotted by pilots of the M G A S.

Some of the lookout towers are located in inaccessible country. Where these are difficult to reach by canoe, the necessary supplies are flown in by air. For communication, most of the towers are equipped with telephones. Important messages are, however, transmitted by that trustworthy feathered courier the homing pigeon. These pigeons are specially trained for the job. They are changed frequently in order to keep the homing instinct alive and are given numerous practice flights.

At Cormorant Lake an air station complete with hangar, workshops, electric light plant and accommodation for forty or more personnel similar to that at Lac du Bonnet is still maintained by the Department of National Defense. It now stands idle, and almost deserted, however, owing to the cessation of civil government air operations in the North. One M G A S aircraft was stationed there last season. With a distinct some 225 miles long and ninety miles broad to handle alone, the pilot got little opportunity to improve on his contract bridge.

Let us glance at the activities of this one man. The date is, let us say, the first of July, Canada's national holiday. Most citizens bat, with fires raging north and west just another working day for the pilot. His forestry plane, loaded and refueled, is being shoved off from the dock. A stocky, thick-set figure, he climbs up on the deck between the main planes to crank the engine. As he notices us on the dock, his round face becomes wreathed in a broad grin and he waves a cheery hello. Smiling, affable Flight Lieutenant Laurie Phinney. Until March, 1932, when aerial photographic surveying in Canada came to a standstill, Phinney was ranked among the outstanding photographic pilots in the world. Most of his work was accomplished in the mountains of British Columbia—not the most pleasant territory for seaplane operations.

His engine running, Phinney taxis out into Little Cormorant Lake. A heavy pall of yellow-grey smoke haze fills the air, forming a filmy veil through which the opposite shoreline appears vague and indistinct. Not ideal visibility for flying, but with a throaty roar the forestry plane is off the water and droning away up the Hudson Bay. Always I see with food for weary fire-fighters who are battling flames, perhaps in some remote corner of Quawick Lake. Farther up the line he may run into thicker smoke haze and be forced down almost to the tree tops, groping a precarious course along lakes and rivers toward his goal. In the bush a pilot dare not "go blind" for he has no means of knowing that he will ever get through to better visibility but if forestry pilots were, and night flying rates for every mile through which they grope their way under a hundred-foot ceiling, with visibility less than 300 yards, there would be no such thing as a depression for them.

In spite of the hazards that lurk in smoke-laden skies, wild wind-swept expanses of inland seas such as Lake Winnipeg, and the narrow, crooked, rock-infested landing areas of the bush, the Manitoba Government Air Service last season successfully completed nearly 58,000 miles of flying with but a single mishap and that not a flying accident. It was due to an engine catching fire on the water.

In a decade when air records are made and shattered with monotonous regularity, that is something of a record in itself. It is the kind of record that Canadian pilots are piling up year in and year out in that far-flung wilderness that is the North. Front page publicity and parades they know not and seek less. If fortitude, courage, resourcefulness and skill have any true worth, they still rank, as they did "over there," second to none.

A select company, Canada's Northern armmen, gentlemen adventurers of the Royal Canadian Air Force, Canadian Airways, the Ontario Provincial Air Service, and now not least among them, Colonel Stevenson's doughty brood, the Manitoba Government Air Service.

## SHE WAS A WHIRLWIND ON THE TENNIS COURT... BUT ASHAMED TO GET OUT ON THE BEACH



Don't try to curb  
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"  
with cheap substitutes  
Delays can be dangerous

THERE'S something shocking to romance, something indecent, almost indecent, about having even a mild attack of "Athlete's Foot."

That was the thought that haunted her. So radiant, so eagerly tireless on the tennis court or in the ballroom—and yet so exquisitely feminine always—every gathering seemed to center where you found her dainty presence.

But as much as she loved swimming, she shrank from it. Suppose some sharp eye should see those peeling blisters, that unnatural whiteness, that unpleasant moisture between her tiny toes?

### What a slander on loveliness!

Although more than ten million people are infected with "Athlete's Foot"—you can hardly help feeling sensitive about it. You owe it to others, as well as yourself, to stop it at the first sign of itching.

### Absorbine Jr. kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is.

Examine the skin between your toes. Moist, red skin, itching cracks, dead-white peeling skin—all these symptoms call for application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. In hotel bathrooms, in showers and locker-rooms—even in your own spotless bathroom, this sturdy germ lurks and attacks bare feet. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill this germ. Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution. At all drugstores, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Leman Building, Montreal.

### For SUNBURN, Too!

For broken, burning skin, Absorbine Jr. is cooling and healing. Not greasy. Pleasant to use.

## ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, abrasions, sprains, sunburn, sleeplessness.





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All other rooms proportionately priced. The rate of each room is plainly posted in that room.

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What you pay for your room is only part of your cost of living in a hotel. Compare room rates, but don't stop there. Compare food prices, the costs of supplementary services, of "extras." Compare what you get . . . in total . . . as well as what you pay.

Statler guests are able to compare. Our service policies, our operating policies, give travelers a definite, measurable unit of value . . . as near a trade-marked package as the hotel world affords. Statler guests know how to add. Our pricing policies, consistently followed over the years, add up to the lowest-cost living afforded by any good hotel.

# HOTELS STATLER

"where the guest is always right"



## YOUR SAVINGS

### The Popularity of Annuities

By KENNETH R. WILSON

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually in Canada through various investments. Fraudulent and worthless securities are being constantly poured on to the market to trap the unwary. A general observance of this simple maxim will assist in the reduction and elimination of this economic waste—  
"BEFORE YOU INVEST—INVESTIGATE"

HISTORIANS tell us that this summer—June 18 to be exact—the institution of life insurance celebrated its 350th birthday. On that date, in 1583, in the Royal Exchange in London, a gentleman named William Gibbons dipped his quill pen in ink and inscribed his signature on the first life insurance policy recorded in history.

Sixteen individuals underwrote the contract, the amount of insurance being a little more than £383 (about \$1,900), this sum to be paid Gibbons' heirs should he die within one year. The premium was eight per cent, or approximately \$152. Within three weeks of the expiration of the contract Gibbons died, thereby leaving a considerable estate to his beneficiaries and demonstrating, from the standpoint of the assured, the efficacy of life insurance protection.

But long before the appearance of the first recorded life insurance policy, citizens of the world were devising ways and means to protect themselves against the possibility of a penniless future. Annuities, we are told, were known even in ancient Rome in the first century before Christ, when various schemes were tried as a source of State revenue. They were familiar during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and many historians are of the opinion that they first became prominent as a means of evading the strict usury laws of the early church.

There is the classic example of Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan banker who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. Had he lived in the twentieth century he would undoubtedly have been termed a "racketeer." As it is, his name has been carried down through many generations as one of the fathers of life insurance and the originator of the Tontine annuity—one of the first annuities of which there is any record.

Tonti's plan was simplicity itself. A certain number of persons clubbed together a specified sum, without reference to age or sex. At the expiration of each year the interest of this fund was divided among the subscribers who were living, and so on from year to year until the last survivor received the whole of the interest. This novel scheme had all the appearance of a profitable investment until an enquiry was instituted to ascertain what became of the principal sum subscribed, after the death of the last annuitant. The enquiry proved fatal to the plan, for it was found that the principal was appropriated by the founders of the scheme for their own uses.

Nothing daunted, Tonti modified his annuity system and fixed a number of years for the continuation of the "Tontine." At the end of this period, the entire amount originally subscribed was paid to the last surviving member. This flourished for a time, but its inequalities were so obvious that it did not receive general approbation. Many died with little or no advantage from their subscriptions, while others received nearly 300 times the amount advanced.

Another classic example to students of insurance and annuity history is the exploits of "The Great Audley," whose most celebrated plan was to give one of his many debtors the choice of planking down £500 in a lump sum or of paying a penny a week to be progressively doubled each week for one year. The unthinking debtor usually snapped up the latter alternative which seemed a generous bargain, until in six months he realized he owed Audley over £50,000. Audley was originally a poor clerk earning six shillings a week, but "so neat an adept in the tricks of law" was he, and so keen in his annuity dealings, that he became one of the richest men of his time. A typical reply which he would make to one of his victims when accused of having no conscience was, "We monied people must balance accounts. If you don't pay my annuity you cheat me; if you do, I cheat you."

It would doubtless amaze these gentlemen were they alive today to witness the widespread growth both of life insurance and of annuity contracts, and to learn that in the past year or two there has been a veritable boom in the annuity market.

#### Reasons for Annuity Popularity

THE REASON for the increased popularity of the annuity in Canada is twofold. For one thing, the bitter financial experience of the past three or four years has forced a new sense of money values on people in every walk of life. Many estates and incomes have either been wiped out entirely or have been greatly depleted, and all too often this experience has been shared by those whose advanced years deny them the chance of rebuilding their lost fortunes. Nearly all forms of property have been found vulnerable under the relentless pressure of economic forces. Bonds have depreciated in value; many have been defaulted. Real estate values have fallen; revenue from rents has seriously declined. Mortgages find no ready market, and there has been heavy default in interest payments. Stocks and shares have suffered drastic declines in market values, and on the average a heavy reduction in yield.

To individuals who are dependent largely if not entirely on the income from their investments, such developments have been catastrophic unless permanent income was assured by means of an annuity of some kind or another. Realization of this, therefore, by those who still have some capital and income to conserve has naturally boosted the demand for, and sale of, annuities.

Another reason for the increased popularity of annuities is the very real prospect that the long-term trend of interest rates in the next decade will be downward. The British conversion operation of 1932 brought forcibly home to the investor this vital fact. In that particular case it will be remembered that almost \$10,000,000,000 of British war loan originally issued in bonds bearing five per cent interest was exchanged for a security bearing only 3½ per cent.

Patriotic motives, together with other in-

ducements, were offered to ensure success of this voluntary scheme, but it is undoubtedly true that a very large number of holders converted to the lower interest rate largely because they knew they would have difficulty in finding a more favorable alternative.

Incidentally, the conversion plan was accompanied by a general increase in the annuity rates of most British companies. Subsequently, Canadian companies writing annuity business in Great Britain also increased their rates. No corresponding action has been taken as yet by Canadian companies as far as their domestic business is concerned, but there is every indication that such an increase in annuity rates will take place in Canada during the present year.

In its simplest form, an annuity is the provision for annual payment during life and ceasing at death. Naturally, therefore, it is the complement of life insurance, which in its simplest form is the building up of a fund during one's life which will only become payable at death. The annuity contract provides an income for the annuitant himself, whereas the life policy provides funds for one's estate or dependents.

An annuity can be purchased in two ways: either by the payment of a lump sum in return for which the annual payments or income begin immediately; or else, if you are still earning your own living and do not think of retiring for a good many years, you can deposit now either a lump sum or regular periodic amounts on the understanding that you will receive an annuity as soon as you reach a certain age. The former type is known as an immediate annuity, the latter as a deferred annuity.

#### Annuity Variations

THERE ARE several simple variations of these two general annuity forms. For instance, there is the "joint life and last survivor" annuity. This is simply an annuity taken out on two or more lives and continuing until the death of the surviving annuitant. This is ideal for a husband and wife who wish to be assured of a fixed income as long as either of them shall live.

Another important form is the guaranteed annuity, which guarantees that the annuity payment will continue for either ten, fifteen, twenty or any stated number of years, whether the annuitant lives or dies. The third variation is the "refund" annuity, which guarantees that if the annuitant dies before the total of the annuity payment received equals the purchase price, the balance will be returned to his or her estate.

What are the advantages of annuities and to whom do they offer the greatest appeal?

Anyone who is interested in saving and investing money is a "prospect" to use the jargon of the life insurance fraternity. An obvious illustration is the case of a woman of sixty who has a small capital fund of, say, \$15,000. The revenue from this fund is her sole source of income.

Invested in first-class securities at five per cent, she receives only \$62.50 each month. This is insufficient for her needs, yet if she invests her capital in more speculative securities to obtain a higher yield, she runs the danger of losing much, if not all, of her capital. She could, of course, eat into her capital, bit by bit, but this might prove disastrous if she were to live another twenty or twenty-five years. By purchasing an annuity she can guarantee for herself, as long as she lives, a monthly income of something over \$100 a month.

Three distinct advantages of this purchase are: (1) An absolutely regular income. (2) Freedom from worry concerning investments. (3) The guarantee that she can never outlive her income.

The last advantage is particularly significant, for it is often said that "Annuitants never die." Life assurance companies discovered long ago that deaths among annuitants are fewer than among the average population simply because annuitants are automatically freed from the worry and un-

certainty that come from loss of investments, of income, and similar financial troubles. One of the largest life companies in Canada reports that it has almost 8,000 people on its books who are seventy years of age and over, and are drawing regular annuity payments from the company.

Another equally important group to whom the annuity has a very strong appeal is the salaried man or woman who looks forward to achieving independence at the age of sixty or sixty-five. It is a truism that millions of people are content to have a position in the Government service, in a bank or a railroad company, and receive somewhat more modest salary than their merits warrant for the compensating advantages of permanence and a pension. There are even more men and women whose salary is their sole remuneration, and to them, particularly if they have only themselves and perhaps one relative to consider, the deferred annuity offers an ideal way to attain financial security and independence when they approach old age.

Another interesting advantage in favor of the annuity is that in Canada income from annuities up to the amount of \$1,200 annually is exempt from Federal income tax. No medical examination is required for the purchase of an annuity, so those who are not able to look after the future through a life insurance policy can often take advantage of annuity plans.

In Canada, annuities are sold by the majority of leading life insurance companies and also by the Federal Government. Until recently Canadians have taken comparatively little interest in this form of saving, doubtless because it was felt that the excellent record of our corporation and institutional securities offered a more profitable opportunity for the investment of savings. On the other hand, traditionally conservative Britishers have always been large purchasers of annuities, and, indeed, many leading Canadian companies have received millions of dollars annually from British clients for the purchase of annuity contracts.

That the depression has done a great deal to change the attitude of Canadians toward the annuity is clearly seen in figures recently made available in the official blue-book of the Federal Insurance Department.

Canadian Government annuities are solidly backed by the credit of the Dominion of Canada. Annuities sold by regular line life insurance companies are backed by dollar-for-dollar reserves invested only in types of securities approved by Dominion or Provincial authorities.

## Financial Queries

**Question**—For some time I have been holding several hundred shares of Noble Five stock bought at various prices. Recently I was informed it would be wise to sell these shares for what they would bring.

To sell now would involve taking a heavy loss, and I should prefer to hold for a year or so longer if by so doing I would stand a chance of getting my money back, particularly as the stock has recently been moving upward.—L. C., Winnipeg.

**Answer**—Noble Five Mines suspended operations in March, 1930, when the production of silver, lead and zinc from the company's property became unprofitable. Interest in the company at the present time centres about its recently acquired gold property near Nelson, B.C., known as the Venus-Juno group. This property was a producer years ago and not long ago reverted to the Crown for non-payment of taxes and was later acquired by the Noble Five property.

At last report the Noble Five had a fair working capital. Upon a return of more prosperous days for the lead and silver producers, Noble Five will probably take on new importance and there may be some advantage in waiting, in the hope it will improve the price of the shares which at the present time are selling so low.

## THE TELEPHONE CALL CAME FROM—

# SASKATOON

IN THE TWINKING OF AN EYE!

## AND THEY HELD THE BOAT

John's friends had invited him to join them on a special cruise to Manitoulin Island and Georgian Bay. He had declined because of business. Later he found he could go. The nearest port was Fort William. He could make it from Saskatoon, but he would arrive long past sailing time. Naturally he turned to the telephone. In a few seconds he spoke to Fort William—explained the situation. The boat was held up and John made the cruise.

The telephone is the swiftest, most direct and intimate means of reaching from anywhere to anywhere in Canada. Use the direct coast-to-coast network of The Trans-Canada Telephone System, not only for emergencies, but for all social and business communications. Speedy connections, conversations clear and distinct, and moderate rates make telephoning over any distance as convenient, simple and satisfactory as on local calls.

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and Saint John	8.00
and Montreal	7.00
EDMONTON	
and Winnipeg	\$3.00
and Toronto	6.25
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REGINA	
and Victoria	\$13.50
and Toronto	4.75
and Montreal	5.50
WINNIPEG	
and Vancouver	\$4.50
and Sydney	6.25
and Halifax	6.25
TORONTO	
and Vancouver	\$7.75
and Saint John	8.55
and Halifax	2.50
MONTREAL	
and Vancouver	\$8.95
and Edmonton	6.75
and Halifax	8.40
SAINT JOHN	
and Edmonton	\$7.75
and Winnipeg	5.50
and Quebec	1.50
HALIFAX	
and Vancouver	\$10.00
and Calgary	8.75
and Ottawa	7.00

NOTE: The above rates are for Station-to-Station Day Messages.



# Maclean's Offers You Your Life Horoscope

WHEN Maclean's offered to its readers their Life Horoscope it had no idea of the tremendous interest which would be displayed. Thousands of readers have already written to Miss Marguerite Carter for their horoscopes. Many who have so written have shown a remarkable knowledge of this ancient and mystic science and many, after receipt of their sun reading and the key to their horoscope, have written to say how interesting and entertaining they found this feature.

Miss Carter does not profess ability to tell fortunes. She does not pretend to forecast the future or solve your present problems. But she can provide you with a complete and accurate reading of the positions of the stars and planets at the time of your birth.

Why not avail yourself today of this opportunity offered you to find out whether or not Astrology says you were "born under a lucky star"?

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YOUR life by the stars as detailed by Astrology will be charted in a 1500 word reading. When you send the coupon you will receive a complete sun reading by return mail and also you will receive the key to the eight planetary positions which obtained at the time of your birth. Specific readings of these planetary positions, as set forth by ancient sages and modern text-books, will appear in the next and subsequent issues of Maclean's. The key given you personally enables you to keep the reading confidential to yourself, if you care to do so. There is nothing for you to solve, nothing for you to write but your name and birthdate on the coupon below.

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Enclose only 10c in coin to cover cost of mailing and handling. If you wish horoscopes for other members of your family or friends, copy this coupon on a separate sheet of paper for each extra horoscope and enclose 10c in coin for each.

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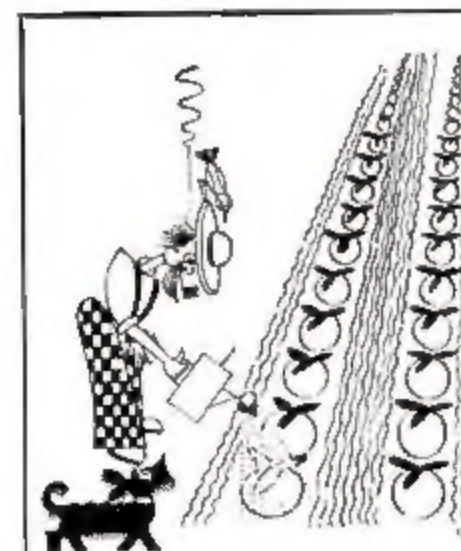
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Street Address

City Province

Miss Marguerite Carter comes to Maclean's highly recommended as one who has given years to the study of Astrology. She has done horoscopes for thousands of residents of the North American Continent. It is with a great deal of pleasure that we bring Miss Carter and her interesting feature to the readers of Maclean's Magazine.

## Wit and Wisdom



### The Turn-Up

A farmer raised a turnip  
Of size and soundness blent,  
But it only fetched a fraction  
Of a fraction of a cent.  
They parted, then, for ever!  
Oh no, upon my sam,  
The farmer bought it back again  
When he paid a buck for jam.

### Awakening

A softly flowing river and the night,  
Sweet you ensconced in pillows at my feet,  
The moon your hale with its pale light  
A scene to speed the heart to wild beat.  
Then gently dips my paddle in the stream,  
So glides our heavily barge 'neath  
drooping boughs,  
Ah, this indeed some Lotus island dream  
If no disturbing thought my mind arouse.  
But one torments me—every hour with you  
Means forty cents to rent the darn canoe.

—Joseph Dwyer.

### Idea

A crowd upon a seashore assimilating  
rays,  
No other sport surpasses this on boiling  
summer days,  
And when the sun is sunken the blisters  
meet the breeze,  
Amazing how we all forget to take it  
by degrees,  
It would be altruistic to work with  
Mr. Sun,  
To stick a fork in citizens and tell  
them when they're done,  
Then when their eyes are opened, the  
yearly vow won't start—  
"I burnt me to a crisp again but next  
year I'll be smart!"

—Joseph Dwyer.

## In Fewer Words

**Interrupted**—In Germany an income-tax defaulter was arrested in a restaurant. We understand that he pleaded that he was just about to fill up his form.—*Vancouver Province*.

**No Boom in Sight**—There can't be another boom right away. It will take twenty years to produce a new crop of trustful idiots.—*Buffalo News*.

**New Gadget For Motorists**—New calendars of decorated brass are made adjustable to serve for the next hundred years. So anybody who has just purchased a car can see at a glance when it will become his very own.—*London Opinion*.

**Easy Exercise**—Oh, well, it'll soon be time to hang up the old porch swing and go in for a bit of land-escape gardening.—*Sault Ste. Marie Star*.

**The Janitor's Mistake**—Frank Taylor, a janitor at the post office, rubbed one of the walls with a wet rag to see if the walls were dirty. Today three men are washing all of the lobby walls to get rid of the spot Taylor rubbed.—*Montreal Star*.

**Cause of the Accident**—A train was derailed recently when leaving a country station. Perhaps this will teach the porter to bang the doors less violently in future.—*The Humorist*.

**Horrible Thought**—The Versailles Treaty didn't do everything wrong. Suppose Germany had been given a mandate over Palestine.—*Oshawa Times*.

**What Warns Us of the Sign?**—The stop light at the corner of Main and Depot streets is now in operation. A sign has been placed at the top of the hill warning approaching traffic of the stop light ahead.—*Grimsby Independent*.

**Could He Collect?**—Nobody is bold enough to prophesy what will happen if an Orangeman wins a capital prize in that Irish Sweepstakes game.—*Winnipeg Free Press*.

**Easy**—"How can I get my husband to tell me about his business affairs?" asks a wife. Try to get him to buy a new car.—*Montreal Gazette*.

**Wasted Sympathy**—A lot of pity is wasted on animals. There are many contented cows, but who ever heard of a contented farmer?—*Medicine Hat News*.

**The Minister of Finance**—To the Government he's a financial Moses, but to the opposition, no doubt, he's the Rhodes to ruin.—*Border Cities Star*.

**A Chestertonism**—If you want a thing to be popular, you must first invent a word for it that is a yard and a half long.—G. K. Chesterton.

**Inventors, Take Notice**—England is now able to determine an approaching storm at sea with the aid of a radio apparatus. That might be a good thing for married men.—*Toronto Star Weekly*.

**Tip For Would-Be Authors**—In the British Museum one can see seventy-five drafts of Thomas Gray's poem, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. Gray didn't like the first way he wrote it nor the second nor the third. He wasn't satisfied till he scribbled it seventy-five times.—*Household Magazine*.

**Sleep-Inducing**—"If the average elector went to the House of Commons he would have his eyes opened," declares a political writer. If he listened to the speeches, he'd be far more likely to have them closed.—*Victoria Times*.

**The Age of Speed**—Folks used to be willing to wait patiently for a slow-moving stage coach, but now they kick like the dickens if they miss one revolution of a revolving door.—*Ed. Wynn*.

**Quality Last**—There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper, and the people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey.—*Ruskin*.



—Drawn for Maclean's by Lorne.

"Isn't this terrible — tonight we were to sit at the captain's table!"



—Drawn for Maclean's by Good Wallace.

"The Optimist"



—Drawn for Maclean's by Graham Hunter.

"Hush, dear! Is that any way to ask Mr. Ruggles to get off your fly-paper?"





IT ALWAYS  
HURT TO SHAVE  
MY UPPER LIP  
UNTIL—

"I found this remarkable blade especially made for hard-to-shave men"

"I ALWAYS hated to shave my upper lip—the skin was so tender there. That's how it was until I discovered Gillette 'BLUE BLADES'. Now it's almost as comfortable to shave the tender spots as any others. I get clean shaves and my face is never raw or sore. Believe me, I'm telling everybody about Gillette 'BLUE BLADES'."

If you have a tough or cross-grained beard—if you have hard-to-shave sensitive spots—try the Gillette

"BLUE BLADE". It's sharper—especially tempered and honed to cut through the stiffest bristles and wiriest stubble with ease.

You'll notice the difference the very first time you try a Gillette "BLUE BLADE". Because the edges are different...utterly different. Keen-cutting and strong... Gillette "BLUE BLADES" will shave smoothly through your tough beard, too—with amazing ease.

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"Well, I like that. We were here first!"—*The Passing Show.*

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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These

**Private and Personal**—Hotel Manager: "Here are some photographs which give very good views of the hotel if you'd like to take them away with you, sir."

Departing Guest: "No, thank you, I have my own views of the hotel which I am going to take away with me for the benefit of my friends."—*Winnipeg Tribune.*

**Which?** Rex: "I'm going to take my hat and go unless you give me a kiss."  
Rena: "Take it."—*Medicine Hat News.*

**Mistake Somewhere**—The absent-minded professor called his biology class to order shortly after the lunch hour.

"Our special work this afternoon," he said, "will be cutting up and inspecting the inward workings of a frog. I have a frog in my pocket here to be used as a specimen."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a paper sack, shook its contents out on the table, and out rolled a nice-looking sandwich. The professor looked at it, perplexed, scratched his head and muttered: "That's funny. I distinctly remember eating my lunch."—*Winnipeg Tribune.*

**Circumstantial Evidence**—"Where was I last night, Thompson?"

"I couldn't say, sir, but your bank manager has just rung up to ask if it's all right to pay out on a cheque of yours written on your dress collar."—*The Humorist.*

**Superfine**—Customer: "Have you any good pork?"

Butcher: "Good pork? Say, I've got some pork that will make better chicken salad than any veal you can buy."—*Fort William Times-Journal.*

**Doubtful Hotel**—Hotel Guest: "Do you know if the charges here are reduced if one stays by the week?"

Hotel Porter: "Couldn't tell you, sir. Nobody's ever stayed a week."—*Sarnia Observer.*

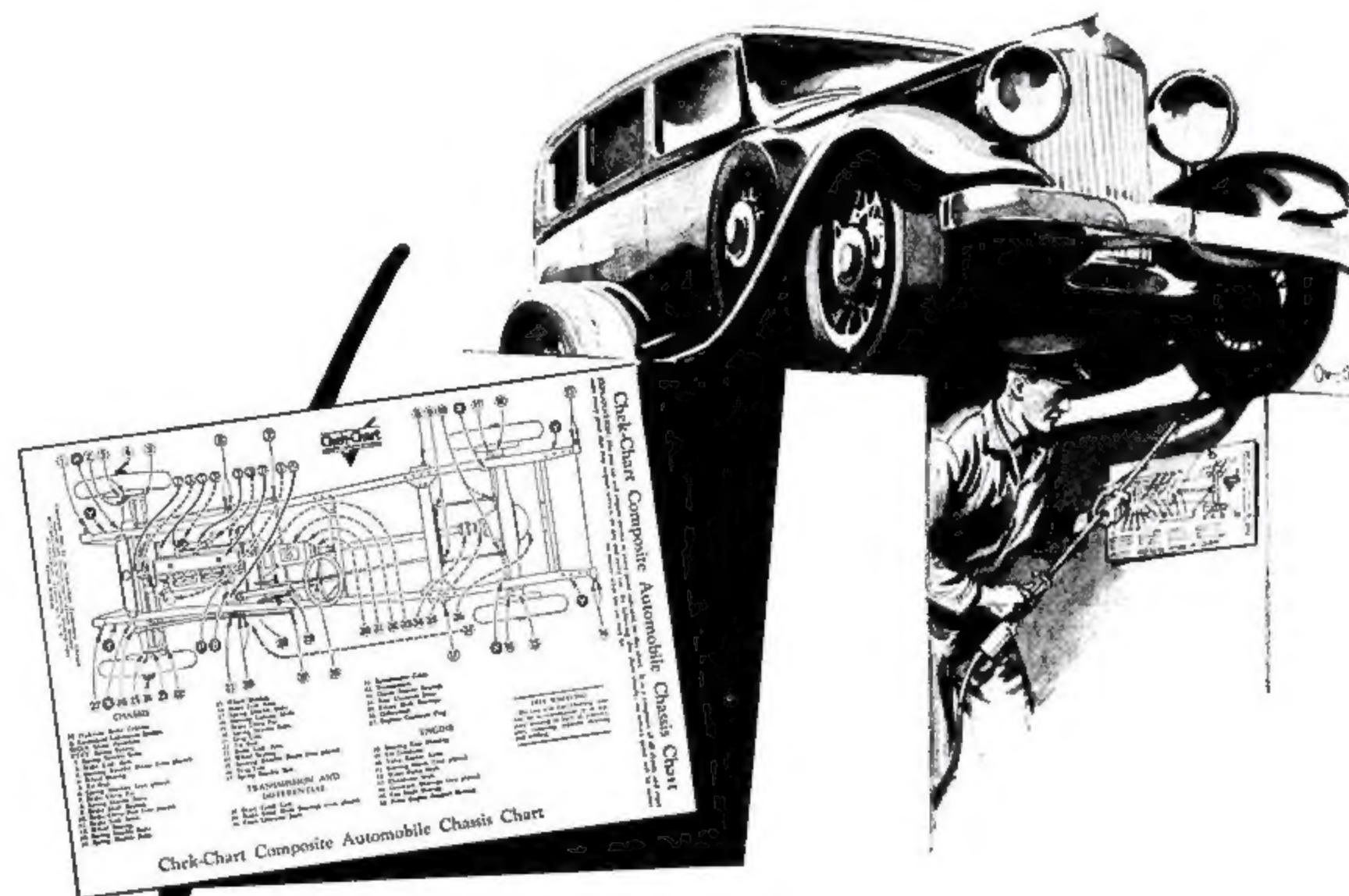
**Too Dangerous**—Prisoner: "Suppose I tell my own story—do you think the judge would believe it?"

Lawyer: "Yes, that's the trouble. I'm afraid it would carry conviction."—*Melfort (Sask.) Journal.*



"This talk about beautifying golf course is a lot of tommyrot. The question of scenery shouldn't enter into golf."

"Quite. The job is to keep one's golf from entering into the scenery."—*London Opinion.*



## He Just Can't Go Wrong! and Here's Why

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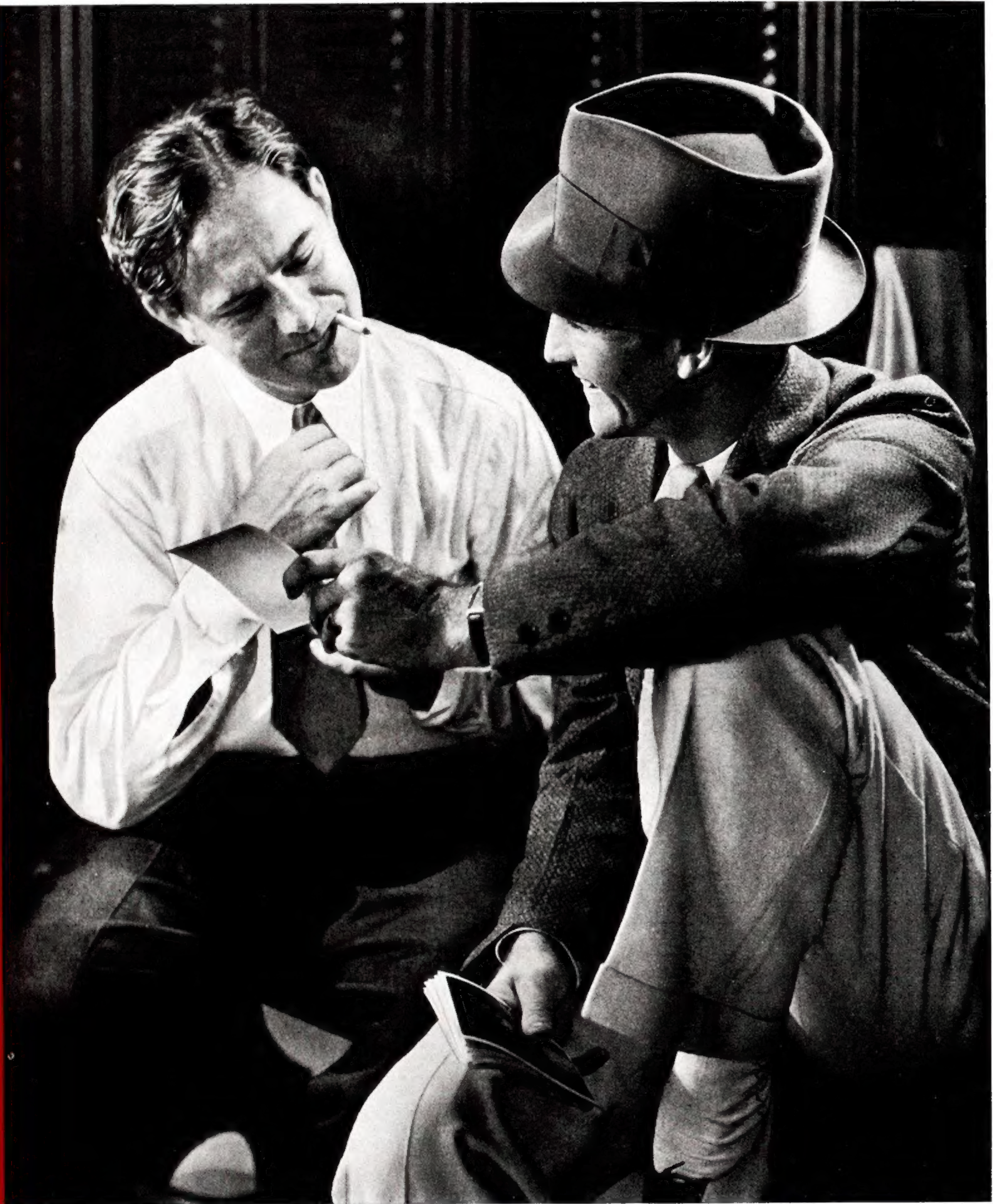
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